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LEADING ARTICLES:—

Election Prospects.
Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Manning.
Messrs. Mill, Bouverie, and Chadwick.
The New Pastime.

Mrs. Windham Rediviva.

The Clergyman.
Music for the People.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MEMORANDA.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

The Hanoverian and Italian War.
Dr. Newman's Sermons.
Anne Hereford.
Heat.
Anecdotes of Royalty.

THE QUARTERLIES.

SHORT NOTICES:—

Historical Selections.
Vox Ecclesie Anglicane.
List of New Publications for the Week.

ELECTION PROSPECTS.

WHEN we consider how close election contests frequently are, and how especially inscrutable must be the contingencies of the coming general conflict, the exceeding confidence of the manipulators on both sides is even more astonishing than usual. Audacious prediction seems indispensable in electioneering. Though it is palpably certain that both cannot be right, the managers on either side, while they never agree, are always positive. Very frequently both sides profess to account victory as sure as if it were already won; and even when defeat is apprehended, it is knowingly indicated that it will be defeat of a very different sort and extent to that which the opposing party fondly anticipate. And this sort of thing is going on at the present moment with a temerity of assertion quite unqualified by the complexity and new circumstances of the contest in which the country is about to be plunged. The innermost circle of Liberal managers are said to calculate with the most absolute certainty, "allowing for every possible loss," on a majority in the new Parliament of between eighty and ninety, while on the Ministerial side the hope entertained is that the majority may not exceed thirty-five. To these estimates the respective wire-pullers have now adhered long enough to tempt the uninitiated to dispose of the matter by in some way splitting the difference between them; an operation sufficiently difficult to task any conscientious investigator's utmost ingenuity.

To most people, however, calculations on this scale are not only impossible, but unattractive. What we can all appreciate and enjoy, is the number of incidents which flash daily upon the public eye as the crowd in the arena thickens, and the excitement grows apace. The most important addition lately made to our election prospects is the contest for the University of Oxford. Sir Roundell Palmer plays, as it were, with the ace in his sleeve, for the Earl of Zetland's little Yorkshire borough has never yet even pretended to have a will of its own, and no other member for Richmond will be elected till Sir R. Palmer's fate at Oxford has been decided. Mr. Mowbray, on the other hand, plays a desperate game, for the nomination of this most unlikely and unattractive candidate is attributable—in spite of his address to the Durham electors, which is about as veracious as most election addresses—rather to the certainty of his losing his present seat than to any special fitness for that which he seeks. Nothing could be better for Oxford than to secure Sir Roundell Palmer. It almost looks like an interposition of a kind Providence that the first official member of Parliament who ever named household suffrage with approval, being at the same time almost the first Oxford man of the day, should happen to be so weak-kneed in reference to the

Irish Church, as to justify his University, Tory as it is, in retaining the Parliamentary services of a representative who will do it so much honour. But the struggle will be a close one, for country parsondom is capable of dull enthusiasm even for a Mowbray. It is said, however, by the confident, that a majority of fifty may be counted on; and thus Oxford will be saved by Sir Roundell Palmer's great personal popularity, and his Irish Church crotchet from a disgrace deeper perhaps than any it has yet incurred. What is good for Oxford may be bad for Sir R. Palmer, and not very beneficial for the country. We are continually reminded how Mr. Gladstone was emancipated when Oxford rejected him; it is not desirable that Sir Roundell should be brought into bondage by Oxford accepting him. The best dependence, however, in this matter is in Sir Roundell Palmer's character. Quite as fastidiously conscientious as his friend and leader, he is less amenable to impulse. Even in reference to the Irish Church he has given no adhesion whatever to the religious objections which are in favour with the Oxford constituency; and the grounds on which he severs himself from Mr. Gladstone's policy will compel him even more distinctly to oppose that true confiscation policy which the Church Commission has recommended, and which the Government are expected substantially to adopt. On the whole therefore, if it can hardly be said that Mr. Gladstone will gain the support of the University, much less can it be said that Toryism will gain Sir R. Palmer. Here again the prophets are very confident. If the majority of fifty which is spoken of is soundly estimated, the University electioneers must have a trick of foresight which, spread over a wide range of human affairs, would save all of us a great deal of trouble.

Few observers, especially from a distance, thoroughly appreciate the local contest in which Mr. Gladstone is engaged. As all Americans are popularly considered Yankees, so all Lancashire gets the credit for enlightenment and friendliness to progress which is really deserved only by the south-eastern division. Mr. Gladstone is standing for the south-western portion of the county, in which Liverpool—as benighted as, and more bigoted in politics than, the smallest hamlet in the country—is the principal community; in which Lord Derby is the most influential landowner; and in which the balance is frequently held by a few Roman Catholic landlords, whose natural bias in favour of Liberal principles is frequently neutralized by an ignoble desire to stand well at Knowsley, and to secure by Toryism that equal social estimation which, even in this country, Catholics do not, except with special advantages, obtain. To this censure there have always been happily very honourable exceptions, and at the present moment there are special reasons why the Catholic proprietors should take the side which is properly

attractive to those who have all to gain by the development of that religious equality which Mr. Gathorne Hardy says is impossible. At Liverpool, too, hopes seem to be entertained that at last the tide of numbers is turning against Toryism, though of this we ourselves shall not feel persuaded—remembering how certain Mr. Ewart's election seemed at noon on the 1865 polling-day—till four o'clock on the day which must decide whether the Liberals or the Disraelites are to enjoy the honour of returning Liverpool's first minority member. A more distinctly hopeful circumstance—for in South-West Lancashire Liberalism has to be thankful for crumbs which fall from the table—is the hearty adhesion of the Earl of Sefton, by whose influence that of Lord Derby may be, to some, though not to a great extent, countered. In this lies the importance of Mr. Grenfell, who has been "saying ditto to Mr. Burke" with such praiseworthy faithfulness. He is a truly sound and able Liberal, whom any constituency might be proud to elect; but his special value in the South-West Lancashire candidature is that his mother was a Molyneux. Giving their full weight, however, to all these circumstances, whether they make for or against our hopes, the great fact to be duly appreciated is that Mr. Gladstone is really making in South-West Lancashire an experiment which must assist very greatly in its political education. Not only has he chosen the most difficult part of the county to carry, but he is paying it the hitherto wholly undeserved compliment of seeking to carry it by eloquence and high political intelligence. These are qualities for which there has not been a demand in South-West Lancashire for many years, but they are qualities which, in the long run, must prove attractive even to the stupidest and most servile constituency. Hence we believe in Mr. Gladstone's bold and lofty electioneering policy, and expect to see it prevail, sooner or later, over the petty influences by which the dense intellect of the West Derby hundred has hitherto been governed. But the electors should awake and arise, or they may prove "for ever fallen." If Mr. Gladstone is beaten he will shake the dust of his native district from his feet, and then South-West Lancashire may make itself happy in its own way with an eternity of Charles Turners.

There are other counties in which the dry bones are beginning to move. One of the handsomest things ever done in a county constituency is the nomination of the distinguished historian and journalist, Edward Freeman, in Mid-Somerset—he being exonerated from all expense; and a very significant feature in the matter is that the growth of Dissent in this county is said to have much increased the chances of Liberal success. The Dissenters ought to be very proud of the fact that, whatever may be thought of their religion, Liberals of all colours point to them as the unfailing friends of freedom and political progress. They are never lukewarm or doubtful, unless when the Liberal leaders draw back their hands from the plough. Whatever may be the local prospects of the general election, it is a comfortable assurance that a compact and faithful majority is all that is now necessary to keep the plough in direct onward motion. Those who wince under Mr. Gladstone's leadership should remember that never since 1835—perhaps never since 1831—has the Liberal party been so absolutely certain that, if it will follow, its leader will lead, and that without any reserve as to the ultimate destination of its beneficent march. The country has reason to be thankful in this regard for the letter in which Mr. Mill has so ably changed the rather unfortunate front which in the former part of the Kilmarnock correspondence he presented to Mr. Bouverie. His suggestions as to what is required from the Liberal party—requirements of which the disestablishment of the Irish Church is only the first; his specification of the sort of members who ought to be sent to Parliament, with those further achievements in view; and his demonstration that even to take the first step in the onward progress Liberals of this robust order are equally essential, constitute a contribution to the high political literature of the day, which, unambitious as is its form, deserves to be compared even with the great essay on Liberty.

If Mr. Mill's own election has ever been doubtful, his last letter to Mr. Bouverie should make all waverers think twice before they reject, on account of a few eccentricities which we ourselves do not shrink from condemning, so great a master of all that is morally lofty and intellectually sound in the theory and practice of politics. As there are many who sneer at Mr. Mill as not a practical man, it may be

well to notice that had his advice been taken—had the municipal elections been postponed till after the general election—the *Times* would not have had to groan as it has this week, with good reason, over the prospect of about a fortnight's continuous and unpunishable political corruption with direct reference to the Parliamentary elections in nearly every corporate town in England. As to the Scotch election, in which Mr. Mill so unwisely interfered, it is not very likely to change the representation of the burghs. If Mr. Bouverie deserves to go, the coming man is probably not Mr. Chadwick.

The metropolitan boroughs continue for the most part in a very uncertain and unsatisfactory state. In the Tower Hamlets Mr. Samuda is unpleasantly prosperous, and Mr. Coope obnoxiously energetic; Mr. Newton will not yield, and Mr. Beales's crowds are as numerous and untrustworthy as ever; Mr. Ayrton is safe, unless (as Mr. Duncombe feared for himself in Finsbury) everybody should think him so, and either vote for two or plump for one of the other candidates. Plumping, by the bye, though very useful where only one candidate presents himself against two, is a very harmful proceeding under all other circumstances. In Lambeth, for instance, where the working men are justly indignant that Mr. Thomas Hughes should have been driven out of the field by the money of two inferior men—a fact which he might with advantage have avowed—the two remaining Liberal candidates, not content with the advantage they have thus secured, decline to coalesce, and are advising their supporters to plump. Such men as Mr. M'Arthur and Mr. Lawrence are of no earthly use except as solid and united supporters of the Liberal interest, and that they decline to be. They prefer their own individual ambition, for which they would find it difficult to give an intelligible justification, and the net result of their patriotism and expenditure may be that, besides losing Mr. Hughes, Lambeth may come to be caricatured by the laughing-gas Constitutional candidate, Mr. Morgan Howard.

The Nottingham election seems likely to be "referred," as if it were a law-suit, of which neither judge nor jury could make head or tail. Finsbury is to be enlivened by a few tirades from Mr. Counsellor O'Malley. Marylebone is making up its mind with alacrity to part with Mr. Common Serjeant, and has just been apprised of the existence of Mr. Daniel Grant. The City of London is beginning to comprehend its Cocker, which is now the text-book of politics wherever the minority vote prevails. North Wilts wants to meet with Sir Henry Hoare, and Mr. Odger is equally anxious to see the last of him. As for Birkenhead, that most one-horsiest of constituencies—as Artemus Ward would have called it—is literally conducting its election with the eyes of two hemispheres upon it. If Captain Sherard Osborne can only expel Mr. Laird, the United States may perhaps, in the height of their jubilation, throw the *Alabama* bill in the fire, and forget to recall Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

MR. GLADSTONE AND DR. MANNING.

ALTHOUGH the letter which appeared recently in the papers from Dr. Manning touching his personal relations with Mr. Gladstone was elicited by that sort of impertinent curiosity which appears to be licensed during times of political excitement, there are many reasons why Liberals should be glad of its publication. Dr. Manning holds a very peculiar and marked position in the Church of his adoption. He is thought to be more in favour with Rome than any other ecclesiastic outside the precincts of the Vatican. Like most people who change their convictions, his zeal for his new faith has been marked by the most unhesitating adoption of its principles, and by the most uncompromising advocacy of its dogmas. In this respect he differs from Dr. Newman, who, upon some points of Catholicism, is often shy or reticent. Dr. Manning came forward a few years since with sermons and pamphlets on the temporal power of the Pope more audacious and unswerving in tone than the statements on the same subject of his predecessors or contemporaries. For this it was said he became the especial favourite of Pius IX. It was also known that his connections in England were of a more aristocratic order than the surroundings of the prelates of Ireland, and that his missionary influence could be brought to bear upon a class which the Church was most anxious to conciliate and win. Where, however, speculation from with-

out failed altogether to see his position, was with reference to a party of Ultramontane character. Mr. Gladstone, from his speeches during the changes in the government of Italy, which resulted in the expulsion of the King of Naples, was regarded with the greatest disfavour by the Ultramontanists both of England and Ireland. The Ultramontanists were, and are in truth, Tories, because they belong to an essentially Conservative Church, and it was suspected that they and Dr. Manning would, from sympathy, incline to the old Church parties in England, rather than to a party which they hated for entertaining Garibaldi, and which they are always ready to suspect of iconoclastic and positivist tendencies. No act of Mr. Disraeli's has exhibited such a want of skill and tact as the manner in which he has in a great measure contrived to alienate a class from which he might have received at least some passive aid. His speech, made under an excitement which has become historical, directly insulted the English as well as the Irish Roman Catholics, so that the differences of sentiments in politics between them were forgotten in a common sense of injury. He followed that up, as we know, by further declarations of bigotry, while his rival continued to put forward statements of the broadest Liberal nature, in which a conciliatory feeling was expressed for those who were exposed to the vitriolic tirades of the Premier. Having lost his ground in this direction, he continues to render his blunder irretrievable. We cannot say how far Mr. Disraeli may have been responsible for the accusing Dr. Manning of such a familiarity or relationship with Mr. Gladstone as would render their casual association politically significant, but he certainly set the example of the style of political warfare which marks such a course. We have, however, reason to congratulate ourselves upon the consequences. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, does not require a character from any one as far as this country is concerned; but it is otherwise in a country where for good or for evil the credentials of a statesman almost invariably require endorsement from Rome before they are accepted as genuine by the majority of the people. In Ireland the bishops hold secret as well as open conclave on the ministers who offer or refuse boons to them. In such an event as a general election they leave nothing undone to ascertain as far as possible the motives and designs of Liberals and Conservatives, and they will not, without extreme caution, recommend the voters or the people to support a minister without ascertaining his ultimate drifts in connection with the faith they hold in trust. To us, at least, it would appear that Mr. Gladstone, in his course with regard to disestablishment, had given sufficient guarantees of his earnestness to do justice to Ireland; but strange as it may appear, the half-concealed disfavour with which he has been looked upon by the English Ultramontanists, has not been without its effect in the sister country. There are even priests who do not hesitate to say that they would prefer Mr. Disraeli. Dr. Manning's note, however, will, we have no doubt, dissipate this irrational partiality at once. He is at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England. He is in daily contact with the section of persons who were supposed to be in some degree inimical to Mr. Gladstone, and he has now emphatically pronounced his belief in Mr. Gladstone's individual worth and truthfulness.

This surely is another proof of that absence in Mr. Disraeli of those wonderfully acute faculties which were to compensate for his lack of principle or system. His admirers are constantly telling us that in submitting ourselves to his guidance we may rely on those mysterious instincts by which he as invariably comes upon his legs as a toy duly weighted assumes an upright position after swinging to the right and to the left. Why, he is confounding himself and his disciples at every step. Were he the great diplomatist and statesman that he is represented to be, it was quite on his cards to play off English and Irish Roman Catholics against each other in a manner that would seriously embarrass the Liberal cause. We have partly indicated the district in which he might have worked, and the motives and sentiments which he might have manipulated; but it seems to us that by a law of his nature he prefers small tricks even to large schemes, although the schemes are not of the worthiest kind. The letter published by Dr. Manning deprives him and his followers of votes of which they had more than a chance. He is now left to his Orangemen and his Murphyites. In the teeth of that letter it will be of no use for the Irish independent oppositionists, as they term themselves, to boast a policy of non-intervention in any affairs except those of Ireland, and to brag that they will follow

no Minister. The letter gives them no alternative but to select Mr. Gladstone as a leader, and to follow him loyally. The testimonial appeared at an opportune season. It is possible, indeed, that Mr. Disraeli or his friends may endeavour still to make capital for themselves out of it. They may, in pursuing their infatuated programme of intolerance, have the bad taste to press an innuendo which has done them so much harm already; but if they do it will be still more for the benefit and advantage of the Liberal cause. Mr. Disraeli is, indeed, so ingenious as to be constantly outwitting himself; and if his admirers base their respect for him on such performances, we are willing to give them credit for knowing what they are about; but the exhibition is a barren one at all times, and a dangerous one at present. We believe if Mr. Disraeli were only allowed proper intervals to discharge a few more letters and speeches, that he would talk and write himself out of the favour of every sensible man in the country. It might not be a bad plan for him at this moment to try and retrieve himself by procuring a similar compliment to the splendid one just paid to Mr. Gladstone. There might, to be sure, be some difficulty in getting it; but then we hear so much about his extraordinary "Caucasian" adroitness, that the feat ought not to be above his capacities. Were he to make an endeavour for such a recommendation, it might be provoked, for instance, from Mr. Murphy, Colonel Knox, or Sir Henry Edwards. The evidence of these gentlemen might not be so influential as the esteem and regard of Dr. Manning; but then it would have its weight in those quarters in which Mr. Disraeli has proved himself fittest for being popular. At any rate, we do not think the conjunction of names inappropriate in either case. The personal friendship and confidence in the integrity of the Liberal leader displayed by the chief Roman Catholic prelate in England is creditable to Mr. Gladstone and to Dr. Manning; the high admiration and gratitude for services rendered, which Mr. Murphy and his friends must feel for Mr. Disraeli, has been fully earned by the latter, although it may not be generally estimated according to their idea of its value. Mr. Disraeli need not, therefore, feel jealous.

MESSRS. MILL, BOUVERIE, AND CHADWICK.

WHEN Mr. Mill first put himself forward as a candidate for Parliament, there were those who feared that the peculiar bent of his mind, and the habits of his intellect, would incapacitate him for the particular kind of service required in the House of Commons. A philosophical thinker is sometimes too much in advance of his time, and at others too singular and wayward (or at least apparently wayward) in his views, to suit the rough and necessarily imperfect work of a legislative assembly, which is compelled to reflect rather general opinion than special opinion. It is to be regretted that some of Mr. Mill's proceedings during the last year or two have given a degree of confirmation to the judgment thus expressed. We are not insensible of the advantage that is to be derived from the utterances of an intelligence such as that of the member for Westminster. But this order of mind has its special liabilities to error, and those of a nature particularly unfortunate in connection with political subjects. No one will deny that Mr. Mill has delivered in the House of Commons some very thoughtful and suggestive essays on the first principles of statesmanship; yet many, even among the most advanced Liberals, look with distrust and aversion on his crotchety views with regard to the representation of minorities and the rights of women. We are afraid that this feeling of distrust in Mr. Mill as a representative of the Liberal party will be greatly increased by the singularly imprudent course he has recently been taking with respect to the elections. Mr. Mill seems to have formed an idea that he is adviser-general to the British constituencies. He recommends here, he dissuades there; and, unfortunately, it seems always to happen that he recommends a Liberal where a Liberal is already in the field, and so promotes Conservative success by fostering disunion in the opposite camp. Mr. Bright had occasion some weeks ago to express his dissent from this course, and in such matters we should say that Mr. Bright is more likely to be a safe guide than Mr. Mill. The last proceeding of the member for Westminster, however, is the most open to objection. Kilmarnock has for the last five-and-twenty years been represented by Mr. Bouverie, and Mr. Bouverie is once more in the field. We

do not, of course, say that a man is necessarily to be elected again because he has been elected for a quarter of a century; nor do we say that no better man than Mr. Bouverie could possibly be found. Our own views are more advanced than those of Mr. Bouverie, and we are desirous of seeing as many men of hearty Liberal opinion in the House of Commons as can be got there without risk of opening the door to a Tory. But before an attempt is made to turn out a tried, if a somewhat too backward, Liberal like Mr. Bouverie, and at the risk we have indicated, it should at least be shown that he has grossly failed in his allegiance to Liberal principles. This has not been done in the case of the member for Kilmarnock, although particular followers of the party may dissent from some phases of his public life. Mr. Chadwick, however, thinks he should like to represent Kilmarnock, and Mr. Mill, having conceived an ardent political affection for that gentleman, gives him a letter of recommendation to the electors, which amounts to an exhortation to them to cashier Mr. Bouverie. The appearance of Mr. Chadwick in a borough where a Liberal candidate was already in the field, and one to whom no vital objection could be made, was a very questionable step, considering what are the perils of a general election; but for Mr. Mill to take upon himself to suggest to the electors whom they ought to elect, and whom reject, is certainly one of the most flagrant instances of bad taste on record. Mr. Bouverie, on learning what had been done, wrote to Mr. Mill on the 25th of September, expressing—as well he might—surprise at such a course; and Mr. Mill, replying on the 4th of October, can only say that Mr. Chadwick is “an altogether exceptional man,”—that in some respects he “has not his equal in England,” or perhaps in Europe,—that it is the duty of every constituency to select the very best man that can be got, and of every candidate to consider, not his own wishes, but the public interest, and that he (Mr. Mill) would gladly put Mr. Chadwick in his own place if he only “saw a probability of success.” The defence is made up of truisms and unwarrantable assumptions in about equal proportions. Of course it is the duty of every constituency to select the best man they can get; but we did not know that it was the duty of Mr. Mill to point out to them who the best man is, and to encourage dissension where union is so desirable. Of course it is the duty of every candidate to consider the public interest rather than his own; but it does not follow that it is the duty of Mr. Mill artfully to suggest to a candidate in a distant borough that he will be acting a patriotic part in giving way to oblige a friend of his, while he himself professes his willingness to perform the same act of self-sacrifice, if he only could. Mr. Bouverie’s rejoinder on October 13th is really a masterpiece of argument, before which the position of the member for Westminster looks very insecure.

“You invite me (says the member for Kilmarnock) to ‘give way’ to the man whom you have selected. If I were to act on your advice, the result would be a substitution of your individual opinion for the free choice of the constituency. In Westminster, where Mr. Chadwick is perhaps better known than in Scotland, I have your high authority for the statement that the constituency would not be likely to accept him, even upon your recommendation. Upon what knowledge, may I ask, of the Kilmarnock burghs, do you presume that he would be more acceptable to them? If you are a fit judge of Westminster in this matter, may not I be permitted to form a judgment of Kilmarnock? If I know anything of my present constituency, I should say they would be extremely likely to form opinions for themselves, without the aid of anybody, however eminent, and that those who have just been added to the register will not be a whit less keen and discerning than their neighbours in forming and exercising their own judgment.”

Mr. Chadwick may be a very fitting man to sit in the House of Commons; but were there no other constituencies to which he could have presented himself without fear of injuring Liberal prospects by creating division? The question is really a very pertinent one, though Mr. Mill seems disposed to treat it as of no account. Mr. Bouverie does right in pointing to this irritable or thoughtless antagonism of different sections of the Liberal party as the main-spring of Tory hopes, and as a grave source of danger to the cause of progress in the ensuing contest.

The concluding letter from Mr. Mill, written from Avignon on October 19th, is the longest of the series. It is evidently composed with extreme care, and with a view to publication, which it seems was not anticipated in the case of the others. Much of it is very striking and true as a political essay; but it does not in any degree alter the case as between Mr. Mill and Mr. Bouverie. The only specific fault

the former can allege against the latter is that at the beginning of the present year he “called the Liberal party a rabble, and declared that their leader was incapable of leading.” These opinions may be very erroneous, but it does not follow that the man who entertains them is false to Liberal ideas. Mr. Bouverie may have thought he saw disunion in the Liberal army, and may have doubted the capacity of Mr. Gladstone to command, and he may have been wrong in both views, yet his general allegiance to the Liberal cause may not be the less true. We must repeat that it is not a question of whether Mr. Bouverie or Mr. Chadwick is the better man. The really important points are—whether, for the sake of a difference in the degree of Liberalism in the two candidates—a difference not amounting to anything essential or vital, which we do not understand to be asserted—the risk shall be run of letting in a Conservative; and whether, in any case, Mr. Mill is invested with the right to go about the country, puffing one candidate and depreciating another, as if he were the keeper of the national conscience. The member for Westminster tells us that “the efficiency of representatives can only be kept up by a keen rivalry, and a probability that, if they fall below the standard they have ever attained, their constituencies will look out for new men who come up to it.” It does not seem, however, as regards the present case, that Mr. Chadwick was “looked out for.” If we may believe Mr. Bouverie, Mr. Chadwick is not very well known in Kilmarnock. The electors seem not to have sought him, or any one else as a more Liberal substitute for their present representative. He appears to have been thrust upon them, and mainly by the instrumentality of the member for Westminster. With what Mr. Mill says as to the desirability of sending men of advanced Liberal views to the new Parliament, we entirely agree; but they must seek constituencies where they are not likely to serve the interests of the enemy by blundering interference. Mr. Mill, we fear, has been a little too much petted of late, and must learn to consider himself as something less than the controller of the Liberal ranks, however valuable and illustrious a member of the body he may be.

THE NEW PASTIME.

THE fresh attention which Mr. Purchas of Brighton has drawn towards Ritualistic ceremonies; the fact that Ritualism, in sentiment, if not in act, is far more widely spread among us than people imagine; and the other fact, that ladies are the chief victims of the prevalent and perhaps not very harmful mania, suggest one or two reflections of a purely social kind. We are inclined to believe that there are few husbands who do not wish to see in their wives a more or less pronounced liking for music, slipper-sewing, charitable visitation, and—Ritualism. Ritualism we place last, because it makes up for the absence of any of these other forms of occupation or amusement. A woman, for example, who cannot sing, ought to be very grateful to her husband for marrying her; indeed, it is a question whether such a woman ought not to decline marriage until she assures herself that her proposed husband has “idealism for two.” But, in the event of her lacking the indescribable charm which musical taste and power throw around the most commonplace woman, she can always shroud herself in a little idealism by cultivating a passion for religious ceremony and symbolism. With this she can encompass herself in an element of the undiscoverable. She graces herself with the vague and the mysterious; there are unknown possibilities of emotion and thought perpetually hovering around her. Now, no man loves to know too much about his wife—to have examined her character so that its ultimate limits are laid bare to him—to have nothing to hope for in the way of gentle surprises. He is glad to have her always a mystery to him—an incomprehensible adjunct of his existence, in studying which he may escape from the matter-of-fact details which confront him in every other direction. He does not wish to be able to describe her as he would a chest of drawers. If he has the least prudence he will remember the ineffable, delicious awe with which he, unmarried, was inspired by an unmarried girl, simply because there was so much of the undiscovered about her; and he will seek to perpetuate this charm of the unknown in his new state, that his love may not wane as his imagination dies. Indeed, one may sometimes observe a husband—an æsthetic epicure—playing with these possibilities of his wife’s character; testing her power of self-renunciation, or skating within an inch of a quarrel, in order to discover the limit at which her temper is likely to snap. Such experiments possess some-

thing of the delicious danger attendant upon riding a half-vicious horse, or venturing out in a small craft in stormy weather; but there is the further danger attached to them that you may discover the limit much too accurately. If the snapping of the temper is invariably followed by protracted, morose, unbroken sulks, there is not much to be got in that quarter; and the husband has only the mortification of being warned off ground on which he should never have ventured. And the unconscious rebellion of even the mind of a grocer against being cramped by anything finite may result in a catastrophe.

Pre-eminent among those influences which widen the limits of a woman's mental life in the eyes of her husband stands music. He may become familiar with the loveliness, if any, of her face; but he can never gauge, or describe, or anticipate the charm of a sweet voice or of a sympathetic musical taste. All the unutterable pathos, and gladness, and sorrow of the music she loves go to idealize her own individual character. Young men fall in love with actresses because they identify them with the beautiful emotions, with the romantic charm and poetry of the various parts which these young ladies assume. Despite himself, a man must give over to his wife, if she sing and play gracefully, a certain portion of the spirituality of Beethoven, the mystic sadness of Mendelssohn, the tinkling laughter of Rossini, the quaint, intricate grace of Gounod. Wanting this pre-eminent help, she may fall back on any of the kindly employments which women affect in order to add to their womanly culture; but there is nothing in these days likely to fill the place of music so fully as a tendency to ornate and imposing religious ceremony, with all its accompanying aspirations and sympathies which the matter-of-fact husband fails to comprehend. Perhaps he is rather inclined to laugh at the stage paraphernalia which is the strength of Ritualism; and it is not at all improbable that, whatever opinions she may be supposed to have, he still regards the indolent gentlemen who so amuse themselves, in a spirit which is not very respectful either to themselves or to their cloth. He may, indeed, say hard things about Mr. Purchas and his brethren, and yet be not the less impressed by the consciousness that his wife has dim leanings and longings towards these rites. What is mere child's play and burlesque in their hands, becomes, when associated with her, something profound, tender, mysterious. We do not mean for a moment to suggest that she intentionally assumes this bias for a particular purpose. The curious thing is, as every one who fairly judges of the people he meets must know, that so many women who professedly hold Ritualism in horror, who regard Ritualistic ceremonies as paving the way towards Roman Catholicism, and who would deplore the legalization of these forms, have in their inmost heart a sneaking kindness for all such esoteric symbolism. Intellectually they scorn Church-mummery; emotionally they love the mental intoxication produced by such performances. And this supernatural sentiment becomes in their husband's eyes a sort of halo, which he cannot touch with his coarse fingers, or scan with his practical eyes. It adds to the subtle differences between woman and man; and, as it is a peculiarly feminine attribute, the husband may rather like to see his wife possessed of it, while he looks upon her clerical coadjutors with the scorn with which a Turk regards the keeper of his harem. It is a womanly province, this culture of the supernatural as a pastime or a pleasure. It is not for men. To him, men engaged in such amusements seem to be like the actors of the Elizabethan age who sometimes exhibited the arts and devices and coyness of women, while they still wore beards, and spoke in a bass voice. What is he to gather from the following picture of certain ceremonies in Brighton? The church in question was "adorned with banners and flowers, some six or eight vases of which were ranged upon the altar, and others around the sides of the chancel. The font also was exquisitely decorated with flowers and evergreens, rising into a tall cross which harmonized admirably with the general effect. The banners were mostly red, white, and yellow, and covered with mystic emblems corresponding with some of the symbolism which is visible in the frescoes on the walls, more especially at the west end and over the chancel arch. . . . On Sunday, at the 'high' or mid-day celebration, there was a procession round the church, in which the priests and choir, to the number of twenty or thirty persons, in various vestments, took part, banners being borne on high and lighted candles being carried by the acolytes dressed in surplices and gowns of many hues. . . . The octave was brought to a close on Tuesday evening by a late service, consisting of the 'Litany of our Lord Jesus Christ,' a sermon on the ministry of angels, and another solemn procession, during which not only the banners above mentioned and a cross

were carried down the centre aisle and round the church, but a magnificent crucifix also was borne aloft in the midst of a crowd of priests, deacons, choir-men, choristers, and acolytes, dressed as on the Sunday, and carrying lighted candles. At this point in the service all the candles in the choir and on and around the altar were lighted, and the benediction was given to the congregation by the officiating priest from the centre of the altar, where he stood surround with a blaze of light, reminding us of the pictures which used to be shown us, when children, of 'Moses in the burning bush.' There is nothing in all this to provoke his indignation; there is much to provoke his contempt. This poor playing at Roman Catholicism is not likely to have much proselytizing effect; it merely appeals to the craving for emotional dram-drinking possessed by a considerable proportion of the human race. As he reads such accounts in the morning papers, he perhaps incidentally observes to his wife that there would be a good deal less of such nonsense if certain persons had to earn their bread on a shoemaker's bench or in an engineer's shop; and so he lets the matter go by. But ten minutes after, a casual glance across the breakfast-table tells him that his wife is reading the same account, and that the words call up a beautiful and affecting picture before her mind. In imagination, she hears the intoning, and breathes the perfumed incense, and abandons herself to the languor and luxury of the various sensations. What is it, then, that leads her away from him in that direction? If he soundly rates these clergymen, she assents. If he ridicules their stage-effects, she smiles. If he pictures the corruption of the Church which he fancies will ensue from such practices, she does not differ from him in opinion. But there is a difference between them, all the same—inexplicable, not to be subjected to any analysis. She is *en rapport* with sympathies of which he knows nothing. This, then, is the shroud of the undiscoverable in which she wraps herself; and to her husband she appears to be all the nobler because she is unknown.

To some it may appear that wives might choose another method of getting out of the reach of their husbands—if the thing is a matter of choice at all. They might baffle his efforts at discovery by an inexplicable generosity, for example. Some women do certainly attain the incomprehensible by indulging in freaks of unreason and prejudice, in contorted logic, and quaint postulates, which are as amusing as they are puzzling. But such absurd preferences do not lend to them that idealism which is conferred by a devotion to charitable pursuits, or by religious fervour. A hankering after Ritualism—the new and popular pastime—is so easy a means of achieving this result, and one which comes so naturally to all women, that it must necessarily carry the day; and the peculiarly constituted gentlemen who assist at these profound mysteries are likely to have a numerous feminine *entourage* for some time to come.

MRS. WINDHAM REDIVIVA.

"HER heart is broken," says Bernier, in the "*Vacances de Camille*," speaking of a very charming and rather eccentric young person who has just been deprived of one lover. "Who knows," says the other lover, faithful to the last, "but that the little bits of it may be good?" What wear and tear Mrs. W. F. Windham's heart may have suffered before she became Mrs. Windham it is impossible for us to say; but it is quite clear it was not irretrievably broken by the circumstances, which, only a few years ago, made her famous. No; she evidently managed to gather the fragments together, and render the well-used organ still desirable in certain eyes. For again she comes before the public; and she is attended by all the tragic romance, shimmering in a haze of legal light, which marked her last appearance. Her heart, newly painted and glazed, is again in question; and once more we have the old love, and the old mystery, and the old police-court aspect of a modern drama. Mrs. Windham cannot remain hidden. Greatness is thrust upon her. It is all owing, doubtless, to that preternaturally recuperative organ. The feminine heart has, in all ages, been suspected of some elasticity, and doubts have been thrown on that exceeding brittleness of which poets have taken advantage. Mrs. Windham's heart, at all events, has not suffered much damage, if we are to judge by sundry revelations made the other day at the City of London Court. Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who must be getting used to meeting strange characters in his professional walk, was the gentleman called upon to decide between the lady and her enemies. Mrs. Windham, it appears, had, some time ago, so far recovered her composure of mind as to permit of her thinking sometimes of a certain Silvio. It may not be too much

to say that she sighed for Silvio. And the worst of it was that while Hero waited and watched in England, Leander lay and languished in Cuba, a whole Atlantic dividing the trusting pair. Further, Hero's love-sickness seems to have been increased by her discovering that Leander was but a poor and dilatory lover. Silvio sighed, but he sighed feebly. Or was he surfeited with his great happiness, and incapable of expressing, by letter or newspaper, the profound and supreme joy that encompassed him? To know that he might marry Mrs. W. F. Windham, and that in the mean time he could wear the white flower of her love in his button-hole, was perhaps an ecstasy altogether unspeakable. Whatever may have been the circumstances, it is clear that Silvio was guilty of the greatest crime it is possible for a lover to commit. He did not speak. Your passionate pilgrim may consume his lungs in sighing, but if he does not give his love more articulate utterance, of what avail is it? What is the use of looking unutterable things to the moon if the lady waits in vain for a simple and sensible sentence? Perhaps Silvio was afraid of injuring his chances by precipitancy. He may have thought what a terrible thing it is to risk one's future life on a single word. And in a letter especially! Like a true lover, Silvio feared letters. He knew the misconstructions that always arise between lovers when correspondence is the only link that connects them. He reflected on the portentous consequences of a quarrel which some casual paragraph might provoke; when there would be no gentle hand-pressure, and mournful, imploring glances to pave the way for a reconciliation. In fine, Silvio was silent, for his own reasons.

Now, in love affairs, when the telegraphic wires are introduced, something tragic is about to happen. A short and pungent telegram is invariably the climax to a series of sharp and increasingly rapid letters. The telegram generally contains the ultimatum; if that be not complied with, there follows the deluge. Mrs. Windham's final word to the recreant Silvio was as follows:—"Tell Silvio he must come in a month, or give me up—reasons; answer." The heart of the sea may be supposed to have throbbed with emotion as this pathetic message flashed through it. "Give me up"—that alternative seems so distressing that one cannot understand why Silvio did not immediately flash through another message—"Give you up? Never! Will start for England in eleven minutes." This is what Silvio, if he had any proper notion of the prize which awaited him on English shores, would instantly have done. The comely Andromeda pining there on the rock, straining her eyes through the salt mist of the sea, and never a Perseus moving hand or foot to rescue her! What he actually did do, when the summons reached him, we are not told. History is dumb upon his reception of the telegram. Perhaps he lit a Cuba cigar with it. Perhaps he wept a little; and decided that not even to win the royal favour of Mrs. Windham's hand dared he leave his foreign home in a month. We do not suggest that he was prevented from answering the telegram by the cost of the reply. Mrs. Windham, in the generosity of her love, had paid £9. 15s. for the telegram which she sent. The company afterwards found that the message should have cost £14. 2s. 6d.; and demanded the difference from the disappointed and love-stricken lady. She refused to comply with the demand—hence these revelations.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, who has acquired some facility in the unravelling of mysteries, was of opinion that the telegram referred to had something to do with a proposal of marriage. It is true that commercial messages are sometimes sent in cipher; and the invitation to Silvio may really have meant "Grey shirtings are falling. Too much indigo in the market." But, if Mrs. Windham had ever anything to do with any kind of commerce, we are warranted in assuming that grey shirtings and indigo were not the objects of her care. It is much more probable, judging by the lady's antecedents, that Mr. Commissioner Kerr was correct in his conjecture. There was a Silvio; and his gentle Agnes did really bemoan his absence. To us it seems that the wonderful piece of mechanism of which we have spoken was nearly being splintered again. It was in April last that the telegram was sent—whether on the first of the month or not the report does not say. If Mrs. Windham waited a month in order to give Silvio a fair chance, she must have remained unencumbered until May. May is a dangerous month. There are whisperings of matrimony in the very air. Silvio did not come. Perhaps he never answered that final, despairing note of entreaty. When, where, and how Mrs. Windham ultimately turned her thoughts from the inattentive Silvio, the present history, which is obviously imperfect, does not say; it is only stated that Mrs. Windham married—the very gentleman who had, as her agent, despatched that telegram to her Cuban swain. Who does not wish to know "how Silvio feels"?

Some men never discover that they love until the object of their unconscious affection marries somebody else, and then their despair and agony are appalling. One would like to know whether the unimpressionable Silvio, who neglected to come in a month, and who thereby gave her up, was utterly prostrated by the tidings of her marriage? Was he inconsolable? Did he forswear wine, throw his meerschaum out of the window, abandon the use of a hairbrush, and carve the name of Agnes on all the trees in the neighbourhood? There is, however, another probability connected with the mystery. Perhaps Mrs. Windham was anxious to get rid of Silvio, and sent him this ultimatum in order to be off with the old love before being on with the new. Such a thing as a lover dictating to his mistress what she shall say in reply to the letter of another lover, is not quite unknown in the annals of courtship and marriage. The practice may be considered inhuman; but it is generally practically conclusive. Set a lover to point out the weakness of a lover; and the object of the affections of both of them is likely to have but a poor opinion of one of them. Was Silvio, then, the victim of a conspiracy? Was he ousted by a newcomer, whose haste to dispossess him drove him to the telegraph-office? Upon all these points, as we have before hinted, there is nothing left for us but empty conjecture. Mrs. Windham is silent; so is her husband, Mr. Walker. Together they have effectually "burked" poor Silvio. He is a mere shadow, a name, a ghost walking by the Cuban shore, mumbling inarticulate vengeance against the whole faithless race of womankind, and the superlatively faithless Agnes in particular. Silvio is to us an abstraction—a creature without attributes or predicates. He is conjured into being by the touch of a telegram; beyond that he has no existence. May we therefore venture to suggest that there may be—one is almost afraid to risk such a terrible speculation—some profound relationship between "Silvio" and "William"? Or are they—we put this question with even greater hesitancy—identical? Are Silvio the deserted and William the mysterious one person? Is the ghost on the Cuban shore and the shadowy figure whose flannels and stockings wanted mending, only one creation of the human brain? They are so very like! The curious letters sent to the one, which he never answers; the curious telegram sent to the other, which he never answers: why did not Mr. Commissioner Kerr, besides conjecturing that a proposal of marriage was involved, name and describe for us this invisible wandering being who himself utters no audible sound?

THE CLERGYMAN.

IN mediæval poetry, when the clerk and the knight contend for precedence, the victory falls to the clerk. Again, in mediæval books of instruction to domestic marshals or chamberlains, they are directed to give the Pope the first place, "for the Pope hath no peer," and kings and emperors must come after him. More recently, Mr. Kingsley has said that women pay court to the clergy because their natural instinct teaches them that in modern society the clergyman is the strong man! Another writer—a dissenting preacher, and a living critic of some ability—has said that no man understands English society who has not found out that its central figure is the minister of religion. We neither affirm nor deny; it strikes us as rather a difficult task to pitch upon any one central figure, but the tendency of modern society is most unquestionably to find its "central figure" in the man of science. And it seems pretty obvious that the relative social importance of the different personages on the stage of active life in any community whatever must be a very shifting problem.

Conceived at his best, however, the clergyman is a figure which must inevitably be a great social centre. Try and think of the highest form in which the human mind has cherished the idea of the Divine Man, teaching, healing, enduring, redeeming, converting, conquering without the sword, and glorifying life with light reflected through him from Heaven itself. A man whose character and functions are really modelled upon this type must of necessity rule. Ready to love and succour the vilest, the filthiest, the most repulsive caricature of humanity, ready to carry the word of comfort and blessing to the most dangerous haunts of plague and war,—at home in the lazaret-house, the battle-field, or the most infected kennel of the most squalid poverty; gentle, forbearing, always good and kind, yet truly humble, and paying honour to all men; his very face and form carrying about with them something of heavenly suggestions—if this is the clergyman, who does not love and honour him?

But it is perfectly obvious that such a type must be exceedingly rare, and, above all, that it cannot be produced by pro-

fessional culture of any description. You cannot make saints to order, any more than poets or soldiers. The majority of people have very vague and imperfect ideas upon all such questions, and the notions of pious men and women in particular are vague. Yet, when the very utmost scope has been allowed to any idea of divine influence exercised upon human character—when all that is covered by such words as “call” and “conversion” is fully admitted—it remains true that the typical clergyman is born and not made. We require in him a peculiar natural sensibility to that which is divine or supernatural, similar in its kind to the sensibility of the poet to what is beautiful. We require a peculiar natural tendency to develop the distinctively Christian virtues—such as meekness, tenderness to all, the enthusiasm of humanity—just as we require in the soldier a peculiar natural tendency to develop another set of virtues—self-reliance, non-effusiveness, the instinct of attack, a capacity of doggedness even, which would never coalesce with the tender virtues. The clergyman may declare, as he does in the service in the Prayer-book, that he believes he is moved by the Holy Ghost to undertake the sacred “office;” but unless he was born for it, he will not be a power in it. Yet we constantly see how much what we may call professional ostensibility counts for in society in cases where the tests that are readily applicable to a man’s qualifications are vague ones. The “cloth” itself commands a certain degree of respect, and the professional culture does effect something for nearly all who are submitted to its processes. There is a peculiar look in the eye which even unlikely subjects contract in the course of years of clerical life,—a look by which a clergyman may almost invariably be singled out from a mixed company, even if there is nothing else to signalize him. Of course, however, what professional culture can do for a man, when the qualities needed for his work are so high, must always remain a small thing. It is impossible to make a man “apt to teach;” it is impossible to make him truly humble, if he is by nature self-esteeming; it is impossible to give him that fine moral and spiritual vision which is undoubtedly a real thing, and one of the very highest characteristics of the true clerical type. It was said of the *Curé d’Ars* that it was impossible to elude his moral insight; that he would lay his finger on the wound in the heart or the conscience almost before his penitents opened their lips: and nobody who has been familiar with high types of the spiritual character will disbelieve such things; or that, though he was simple as a child in worldly matters, the most ingenious impostor could not deceive him in affairs of the heart and conscience. George Eliot has drawn a type of the same kind in her *Savonarola*, and our readers will recollect how prominent a part is played by spiritual vision in that portrait. Rowland Hill, though in some respects a most unclerical clergyman, is said to have possessed the quality in a high degree.

There has always been among the vulgar, and perhaps also among the cultivated classes, a tendency to “chaff” the parson. This tendency is founded partly upon the humorous sense, common to us all, of the immense difference between the religious ideal which the minister of religion is held to represent, and the lives human beings in general really lead. When Joseph Andrews is supposed to be dying, the parson asks him if he forgives the robbers who have separated him from his Fanny, and Joseph says he is afraid he doesn’t. After much pressing, however, the young man says, at last, that he forgives them *as much as he can*—and the parson says, that will do. There we have the whole case in little. When, in addition to the peculiar pretensions (the word is used here without any sinister suggestion) of the order, you get peculiarities of attire and manners, the excuse for a smile is complete. If a clergyman wears longer coat-tails than other people, and a white necktie, and, perhaps, an apron, it is hard to deny the vulgar their little joke. Intelligent men and women, who keep their heads clear, do not think of clergymen as better than other good people, but as an order of men specially devoted to the work of representing and cultivating in society a special set of virtues. It is absurd to suppose that the clerical type is, in any one respect, a universal model. It could not be, for at its very best it has, and necessarily must have, its own peculiar faults and shortcomings. In the days when phrenology was popular, most people who knew anything about it were familiar with the phrenological doctrine that when you found an extraordinary development of one part of the head, you found a defect in another region. It was said, for example, that where you found the peculiarly religious faculties very strongly marked, you frequently found a deficiency in the organ of conscientiousness. *A Dieu ne plaise* that we should rely upon this! but the fact is that, in some people’s observation of life, very strong religious tendencies do not generally coexist with a

strong sense of justice. Or rather, for this is really not quite a correct way of putting the case, that when the religious development of the character is such as to run very strongly towards grooves of ecclesiasticism and supernaturalism, the sense of justice is usually found weak. Was it not Robert Hall who said he preferred a “worldly” publisher to a “religious” one? Was it not Lord Bacon who said (and how much it means, whoever said it!), that of all men clergymen took the worst *measure* of human affairs? When we hear of an unusually shocking case of justices’ justice, do we not, as a matter of course, expect to find a clergyman one of the magistrates? It would be a dreadful world without the offices of religion; and though Quakers and Plymouth Brethren dispense with a clerical class, it is rather difficult to conceive a Church without clergymen; and yet for what unspeakable horrors has society, from the first centuries of Christianity downwards, been indebted to the clerical class!

The truth is that, as might be expected, the *type* is of necessity wanting in healthy naturalness. So much is implied in its very bent and constitution. And where there is a strong naturalistic tendency in the individual specimen, the effect is most grotesque. You may trace it throughout the writings of Mr. Charles Kingsley. In spite of all he can do, the new wine keeps on bursting the old bottles at such a rate that the reader goes near to asking himself, Is it possible that this man does not know—to vary the image—into what contortions he is forcing certain incongruous ideas? However, the general observation that the clerical type, rigorously conceived, is non-natural—is forced to take hold of this present life with its left hand—will probably not be disputed. There are curious facts which might be quoted in support of this, but some of them would be too painful for public discussion.

One of the features in the clerical type, rigorously conceived, is submissiveness, or reverence for authority; and it is scarcely an open question whether this quality, exercised, as it necessarily has been so many times in the history of mankind, in reference to truth, has or has not proved most detrimental to the growth of mankind. How Fénelon recanted, against his conscience, and submitted to the Pope, is a familiar story. Unless our memory fails us, the *Curé d’Ars*, having decided for himself that the La Salette miracle was no miracle at all, recanted also, and declared himself a believer at the command of his bishop. Now, to an ordinary man, this is simply dismaying. It is like the sun and moon dropping from their places, or a revision of the multiplication table. But there are far less flagrant, and yet sufficiently distressing, instances of the same kind much nearer home. The clerical mind is necessarily, of all minds, the most under the influence of preconceived ideas; the most habituated to thinking and “proving” *up to* a given mark. Let us take one illustration only. The highest authorities now concur in rejecting, as portions of Holy Writ, certain passages which were once received as canonical. The famous “three witnesses” would, we believe, be defended nowadays by very few scholars, and, unless we are mistaken, the balance, even of authority called orthodox, is against the canonical character of the second epistle of Peter, as it is termed. Even if these things were not so, it is notorious that the old doctrine of verbal inspiration is almost as dead as Adam. Besides these things, men like Dean Alford advocate a revision of our translation of the Bible, and freely criticise the received renderings of thousands of texts. Now, how much ingenuity has been spent by the clerical mind, in times past, in thinking and proving up to certain marks or preconceived ideas with respect to these and other matters—preconceived ideas which are now rejected by the best religious minds in Christendom? It is impossible to say; and it would be just as difficult to say how much moral injury has been done to the Church and to society by these processes of proving up to marks, and submitting to preconceived ideas, or pretending to believe on authority. But here we must pause, leaving some other points, and the place of the clergyman in modern society, for a future time.

MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE growing taste in England for music, as exemplified, at least, in the public patronage of big concerts, has been a subject of considerable glorification to writers of the optimist school. It suits the understanding, as well as the descriptive accomplishments, of those gentlemen to believe that because gigantic festivals, as they are termed, are supported, the people are becoming educated in one of the noblest of arts. Such a deduction cannot be accepted without many qualifications. Let us take the performances at the Crystal Palace, for instance.

On that establishment a first-class orchestra is permanently retained, and its resources are, from time to time, supplemented until they assume amazing proportions. The music of the programme is almost invariably well selected, and everything is done by the directors of this department to insure as far as possible the most perfect interpretations of the works undertaken. And yet the concerts have done little, if anything, to spread or to make a taste for high class music. People who go and sit out a symphony of Beethoven or Mendelssohn return home to find on their pianofortes the latest waltzes of Mr. Godfrey, or the last "arrangement" of Mr. Brinsley Richards. Those antidotes are effectual against the refining and poetical influences of artistic composition. Unless our young ladies are taught to acquire a knowledge of Chopin instead of Strauss there is a poor chance for genuine taste in this country. To be sure, the Crystal Palace system is not to be blamed. The monster concerts do very much for music what the monster exhibitions have done for ornamental design—they display fine things to the best advantage for general imitation. But, unfortunately, although the monster exhibitions have improved our wall-paper, the patterns of glasses, and of furniture, the monster concerts have left us in music pretty much where we were before they were thought of. The reason of this may be, that whereas in matters of design we had a spur of commercial competition, in music there was no competition whatever, and we were content with what the great masters had left us. Still, this much might have been expected. Nothing can equal the poverty of invention and of thought in our modern songs. A few of them are mechanically construed so as to touch certain veins of gushing sentiment, and those sell by the thousand. But their starved and meagre style, their limping and often false accompaniments, the absence of real pathos, is pitiable. We might have thought that the performance of good music would go to a great extent in correcting the taste for those destitute and unwholesome melodies, but they continue to flourish, despite the musical field-days at the Palace or at Exeter Hall. If we look at the songs popular with the French and Germans, how great the difference we find between them and ours. Yet many of the German songs so much superior to the airy flights of Claribel or Gabriel are not at all of an original cast. They are the result, in fact, of a national acquaintance with a more complicate and artistic set of musical intervals than we are accustomed to. There is a barbarous puerility about most of our ballads, a puerility which has no claim to be associated with simple and telling power, but which is more closely allied to the poverty of such tunes as may be heard amongst savages. The effect of the public education in Weber, Mendelssohn, Mozart, and Beethoven, which the Germans receive, has its consequence in the ordinary production of ballads in which the writers are conscious of pleasing when they approach nearest to the best style of composition. Now, in this country, ballads affected by so fair an ambition never sell in any number. Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. James Molloy have composed a few songs charmingly reminiscent of the best operatic airs, and possessing a fresh and expressive feeling of their own; but we venture to say that such stuff as "Take Back the Heart" and "Won't you tell me why, Robin," is bought far more extensively. If the monster concerts were of much service to music, this would not be the case.

Those who are acquainted with the history of English music will remember that there was at one time at least a characteristic English song. It was no great thing, even in its way. It was more or less coarse and braggart, as it were, and full of the redundant and boisterous spirit of the nation. Besides the characteristic song, we had a few ditties of a very pretty order, such as "Pray Goody," and a few airs to be found in the pleasant little operas of "The Quaker" or "Love in a Village." When the latter were in vogue, they ran curiously in the literary level of the period. When Chloe and Phyllis were in fashion, in the teacup time, the tunes sang by our ancestors were of a similar pastoral and innocent character. It may be observed that with the change in the style of modern poetry and sentiment, a similar change in music is perceptible. Whenever Mr. Tennyson is subjected to music, a tremendous rippling, rumbling, and cheap mystery is got up in the bass of the song in which his words are ground. Mr. Kingsley has undergone the same process, and Mr. Longfellow's "Bridge" has proved like the causeway of Mirza to innumerable ballad-singers. We are not inclined to regard this fact as altogether an unhealthy sign. It proves, of course, an incapacity in the song-writers, but still it indicates a recognition of a deeper sympathy abroad for intelligent music. The writers apparently make the blunder of thinking that mere changes of key and eccentricities of manner represent of themselves the side-drifting

and subjectiveness of the modern school of poetry. Still, we are thankful in this direction for small mercies, and the ladies and gentlemen who attempt the class of compositions to which we refer are not at all the most provoking of their kind.

What are we to say when we find ourselves amongst the Christy Minstrels, their works, and pomps? Euterpe in lamp-black and with a banjo in her hand is not an agreeable figure to contemplate. The mixture of conundrums, cellar-flap dances, and choral pieces is one that we regret to find is very popular. The actors in this business are exceedingly dexterous and sprightly, and not only provide broad farce for their audiences, but the broadest sentiment. The custom is, for instance, for Mr. Bones at one end of the company to inquire of Mr. Tambourine at the other if he caught cold the last time he slept in a field with the gate open. Before the merriment evoked by this bit of humour has passed away, the leader of the Minstrels rebukes all levity by exclaiming in a sepulchral tone, "The Little One that Died." Then, indeed, do the performers address themselves to draw tears from the eyes of their listeners. They sing very well, and give an entirely factitious interest to the gabbling twaddle wrapped up in a weak texture of notes which they call a song. This song is sold outside, and bought by thousands. It partakes, as we have said, of another description of ballad of a barbaric jejuneness. The people who patronize those melodies possess the most imperfect musical education, or they would assuredly despise them. To go a step lower, there are our music-hall ditties. These would almost make us despair of diffusing a sound taste only that we are under the impression that the people do not really regard them as music at all. They find that the jingles keep time to the clink of spoons, and permit them to join the jolly singer when he arrives at the rattling chorus which the gent and his fellows love with a great love. But the multitude, we suspect, regard them as vehicles of slang suited for vulgar dissipation rather than as music. What the Prince of Wales thinks of them, and of the gentlemen who write burlesques, who are indebted for their successes to the legs and agilities of theatrical ladies, and to the composition written for Vance and Nash, is another matter.

It is often a source of wonder to us that the Italian Opera has not done more to improve the national taste. In spite of the illustrations of real music constantly presented to us we drift with a fatal pertinacity into the sillinesses and vulgarities upon which we have here touched. There are numbers of persons in society who make it a point to learn a few songs from the operas, but you will find that their portfolio is furnished with piles of trash which more than nullify the good influences of real music. There are others who constantly weary their friends with feeble exertions in the cause of severe classicism. We might, however, leave this class to their own devices. Our concern is with the musical education of the people. The subject is one which deserves more attention from the Legislature than it has ever received. It is not necessary for us to go over the old ground about the refining influences of this art, but it is surprising that with the universal admission of the truth so few efforts of a regulated or persistent character have been made to reduce the fact to more frequent illustrations. Nothing of a widely national kind has ever been attempted. This is not so in Germany, where music forms part of the general educational curriculum. It is not there regarded as a mere idle accomplishment, but as an acquisition as practical for giving pleasure as reading, and from which, if a man is shut out, he is rendered insensible to the existence of an entire sphere of enjoyment. Foreigners who do not play or sing, learn to appreciate the performances of others, and to require from them a high standard of musical culture.

If the Government have done little or nothing, it is at least gratifying to record that some private individuals have set an excellent precedent for them by acting independently of administrative patronage. In a part of South Wales there is a collier's band, trained up and paid for by a large proprietor in the district, which has reached an efficiency which would be creditable to many professional orchestras. Many other firms and establishments throughout England also maintain and encourage bands, and in this way some amount of good music is distributed amongst the manufacturing classes. But the movement is limited and not effective for large results. We should have a musical college in this country, like the Conservatoire of Leipsic. The manner in which the degree of Doctor of Music is conferred at our universities is almost ludicrous. At our public schools of all kinds music is sadly and nearly altogether neglected. There is not sufficient premium attached to proficiency, and there is a sort of brutal notion that a knowledge of and skill in playing or composition is a sign of weakness. Until this spirit is rooted out, the reproach will still be

attached to us that we are not a musical people. We cannot escape it by pointing to the concerts at the Crystal Palace, the Agricultural Hall, St. James's, or Covent Garden, or to the salaries of our singers and the prices we pay to hear them. The reproach will stick to us as long as music is regarded as a mere luxury, and as long as we do not include it as an indispensable agent in the formation of mind and character amongst the course of studies which ordinarily obtain in our schools.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Spanish throne is still unoccupied, and there is not even a candidate actually in the field. The various names suggested (which now include the Duke of Aosta, second son of the King of Italy) have not passed out of the region of suggestion, and to all there are objections. No man has openly put himself forward; no one has been positively asked; and it is said that Don Ferdinand, father of the present King of Portugal, and formerly King Consort and Regent, has refused, on his own behalf and that of his sons, to accept the crown of Spain. Prim has also denied those aspirations in the same direction which have been imputed to him. The Junta at Madrid and the provisional Juntas have been dissolved; but the former, before separating, adopted and promulgated a declaration setting forth the inadvisability of submitting the question of the future form of government to the popular vote, where it would be decided without sufficient previous discussion, and asserting that "it belongs solely" to the Constituent Assembly to decide this question. It is believed that the Ministry favour this view. As the Assembly will be elected by universal suffrage, the nation will still, in an indirect way, pronounce on the matter, and the previous deliberations of a Chamber are of course very desirable. But, the Assembly having decided, it would be good policy to submit its decision, for ratification or the reverse, to a *plebiscitum*. A revolution cannot have too popular a basis, and direct appeal to the votes of the millions is fast becoming the basis of the European system. The Provisional Government have issued a manifesto in which they speak of universal suffrage as "the sole criterion" of legitimate revolution in these days, while seeming to indicate that the final decision will lie with the Assembly. In the meanwhile, Marshal Serrano and Admiral Topete have pronounced in favour of monarchy, and even the Republicans declare they will accept that form of government if it be voted by the nation. The *Daily News* keeps suggesting a Republic, while at the same time, with strange inconsistency, admitting that the Spaniards are not likely to be fitted for Republican forms. But the decision must be with the people, and as yet they have given no indication of Republican leanings.

THE miserable history of the so-called "Mexican Empire"—not that of Iturbide, but that of Napoleon III. and the Archduke Maximilian—has already been largely illustrated by letters, State papers, and contemporary memoirs; yet more are being constantly added to the stock. The latest contribution consists of a series of articles in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, an American publication. The writer seems to have had access to official documents, and therefore writes with some authority; but he exhibits so strong a devotion to the unfortunate and misguided Austrian as to lay himself open to the charge of being a partisan, though it may be from feelings of honest admiration and pity, and not from any interested motives. On one point, what he says seems liable to some comment. He acquits Maximilian of all blame in connection with the sanguinary and infamous proclamation of October, 1865, threatening with immediate death, as brigands, all who were found in arms against the Imperial Government. He asserts that the Archduke struggled against this decree in the Council as long as he could, and that he only yielded at last on being falsely told by the French commander, Marshal Bazaine, that Juarez and his followers had left Mexico, and taken refuge in Texas, and consequently the malcontents had no longer a flag. It is only just to Marshal Bazaine to remember that his complicity in the lamentable act has been denied by a writer in the *Revue Contemporaine*, who seems to have had the same command over the General's papers that the American apologist for Maximilian had over his. According to the Frenchman, Marshal Bazaine refused to sign the decree, which was entirely the work of the Archduke. This view is to some extent strengthened by a statement of the Countess Paula Kollonitz, lady-in-waiting to the (so-called) Empress Charlotte,

in her book on "The Court of Mexico," where it is alleged that Maximilian acted very much on his own sense of what was right and expedient. A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who is at present engaged on a work on the French intervention in Mexico, admits the deceit with respect to Juarez, but denies that the Archduke was persuaded against his will in the matter. The decree, he says, was forced upon him by the necessities of his position. "He was compelled to crush the national resistance or be crushed by it. More than a year before signing it, it was under discussion among his immediate followers (I mean the Austrians who had accompanied him to Mexico); and, what is more melancholy to mention, on the very evening of the day on which this sanguinary measure was decreed, at the Council held for the purpose under his presidency, there was a grand ball at the court—Maximilian being *vis-à-vis* with Madame Bazaine, and the Marshal with the Archduchess." Whether Marshal Bazaine was or was not concerned in the decree may be doubtful. What is not doubtful is that Maximilian signed and sanctioned its promulgation, although he must have known that, whether Juarez had withdrawn or not, the vast majority of Mexicans were against the Empire. To assert his innocence, therefore, is idle. Nor can he be easily excused for prolonging his struggle against the nation after the withdrawal of the French had left him without the slightest shadow of a chance. The French Government offered him a safe-conduct out of the country, and he might have withdrawn with the few adherents whom he could boast. To stay was simply to exasperate the vengeance of the national party against all concerned in the foreign Government, while affording them not the smallest prospect of success. But it is seldom that an Austrian can understand the duty of princes to submit to peoples. Maximilian began life as an amiable and accomplished man; but he got into a false position, and lost the credit he might otherwise have won.

KISSING is sometimes a power in election time, and has been known to turn the scale. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire of last century is said to have kissed freely when canvassing for Charles James Fox at the hotly-contested Westminster election of 1784, and her condescension to a butcher has become famous in story. This mild and elegant form of bribery and corruption has gone out a good deal of late; but the fishwives of Liverpool have been giving a hint that may lead to its revival. A few days ago, Lord Sandon and Mr. Graves, the Conservative candidates for that borough, visited the fish-market, in company with some of the town councillors. What was the object of their inspection does not appear; but the saleswomen seized the opportunity for a demonstration, though it is equally difficult to divine their object. They waved the tails of fishes over their heads, and made an imposing clamour. At length one of the ladies linked her arm in that of Lord Sandon, and promenaded the market to the end, followed by Mr. Graves, the town councillors, and the feminine fish interest generally. At the close of the course (we follow the narrative of the *Liverpool Mercury*) "a female fish-seller, who has not long been married, rushed from behind her stall, embraced first Lord Sandon, and kissed him, and then did ditto to Mr. Graves. It has not transpired whether the candidates returned the salutation; but the patriotic kissing of the fishwife was applauded to the echo." How these delicate attentions can affect the elections we fail to see; but they may give a hint in another direction, and reintroduce kissing as a form of electoral canvassing. Market-women seem always to have exercised some influence in politics. They figure in the various French revolutions, and a few months before the *coup d'état*, Louis Napoleon, after laying the foundation-stone of a new central market-place in Paris, received at the *Élysée* a deputation of "Dames de la Halle," whom he entertained with an elegant collation, and one of whose number he gallantly kissed. Of all market-women, however, the fishwives seem generally to be the most conspicuous. Venus Anadyomene—with a fish-basket on her head—is sometimes a potent deity.

MR. PURCHAS, the Ritualistic clergyman at Brighton, refuses to be "inhibited," and goes on with his performances as usual, notwithstanding the opposition of the Bishop of Chichester, whose jurisdiction he denies on technical grounds. The service last Sunday was as showy and as Papistical as ever; but the congregation included several persons who had evidently come with a view to express their dissent from such proceedings. The Brighton correspondent of the *Times* says that some disappointment was felt by certain of the townspeople because the service was allowed to proceed without disturbance, and he thinks it much to the credit of the Brightonians that they

refrained from committing a riot. According to another account, however, there were several audible expressions of dislike and contempt of the proceedings, and a good many exclamations of sheer wonderment, as of people at a show. When Mr. Purchas began to preach, the malcontents went out with much noise and clatter; but it is said that the sermon contained nothing offensive to Protestant principles. It is to be feared that, if these services continue—and there seems to be no probability of their being stopped—Brighton will be scandalized by disturbances similar to those which have from time to time disgraced London. However deplorable, such a result can hardly excite our surprise. Where the law is powerless to redress an evil, it is not unnatural that people should take its correction into their own hands, after the rough-and-ready fashion of popular assemblies. The Bishop of Chichester has been defied, and it seems doubtful if he can enforce his will. He and the Archbishop of Canterbury express their regret, and the latter is considering what can be done; but in the meanwhile Mr. Purchas goes on in triumph. People will soon be asking themselves if the connection of the State with religion really possesses that controlling power over rebellious ministers which we have hitherto been told is the reason for such a union, and the justification of its numerous anomalies.

THE Lady Elizabeth and Earl scandal is revived by a correspondence published in Thursday's *Times*. Mr. Padwick's application to the Jockey Club for an inquiry having been judiciously declined by that body, he writes to Admiral Rous, asking the Admiral to reduce to some distinct form the imputations contained in the Admiral's original letter to the *Times*. In reply, the Admiral asks Mr. Padwick why the Earl ran in the Biennial at Newmarket in Mr. Padwick's name and colours, and why the Earl's winnings were paid to Mr. Padwick's account, adding, "These facts must be explained by Lord Hastings and yourself, under oath, at the tribunal you have advised Mr. Day to appeal to." Mr. Padwick then writes to explain that, previous to the Craven meeting, he had advanced to Lord Hastings a large sum of money, and as part security for the advance, received a bill of sale of the Earl and other racehorses; that to prevent the horses being seized by the creditors of the Marquis they had run in Mr. Padwick's colours, but that the winnings had been applied by Messrs. Weatherby to the payment of the forfeits and engagements of Lord Hastings's horses. Receiving no reply retracting the imputations conveyed by the Admiral in his original letter, Mr. Padwick writes again, and gets the uncomfortable announcement that all explanations must be on oath, in the action "*Day v. Rous*." We are sure that both Mr. Padwick and the public will be greatly disappointed should Mr. Day, for any reason, neglect to fight out the battle to the end.

METHODISM has of late years been very much under a cloud. The followers of Wesley and Whitefield are, we believe, decreasing in numbers, and probably increasing in education, and their utterances are at once less confident and less unctuously humble than they used to be. Not a bad story, however, is told in connection with a certain borough in Staffordshire, where the Liberal member (elected not very long ago) was waited upon by a deputation of Methodists, who begged him to contribute towards the erection of a new chapel in the neighbourhood. The honourable gentleman declined, saying he could not undertake to subscribe to every new church or chapel which might be contemplated in so wide and populous a constituency. Various reasons were urged by the deputation why the rule should be broken in this particular case; but all in vain, and at length the visitors left, with the remark—"Well, sir, we think it will tell against you at the next election, and—we hope we shall meet you in heaven!" Shelley says of Hope, in the "*Masque of Anarchy*," that "she looked more like Despair." The hope of these worthy Methodists has a similar resemblance. Charity can sometimes be very spiteful; and when a Methodist "hopes" to meet an adversary in heaven, we are reminded of nothing so much as of the exasperating "dears" with which excited women lash one another into the full fury of a quarrel.

ONE never knows over what volcano one may be sitting. A gentleman quietly getting his lunch or his dinner at a hotel might reasonably suppose himself tolerably safe from being blown up; but an incident occurred on Monday at the United Hotel, Charles-street, Haymarket, which puts a different and a less agreeable face upon the matter. The kitchen boiler ex-

ploded about two o'clock p.m., shattering the building very seriously, nearly setting it on fire, and grievously injuring some of the servants. In default of natural earthquakes, we seem to manage a great many artificial ones in this country; but they might often be avoided by a little care. The boiler at the United Hotel was allowed to get empty and to become red-hot, when, water being introduced, steam was so rapidly generated as to cause the explosion. It is to be hoped that the calamity will serve as a warning in other quarters.

CONSOLS are now at $94\frac{1}{2}$ to $94\frac{3}{4}$ for both money and the account. There has been considerable fluctuation in the railway market, and prices have generally declined. A slight rise has taken place in foreign securities, but business has not been active. Colonial Government securities have been in demand at good prices. Bank shares are without variation. The business in mining shares has been active. Miscellaneous shares exhibit no material alteration. The biddings for £200,000 in bills on Calcutta and Madras were held on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The amounts allotted were—to Calcutta, £188,000; and to Madras, £12,000; and the minimum price was fixed, as before, at 1s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. on both Presidencies. Tenders at 1s. $11\frac{1}{2}$ d. will receive about 30 per cent.; those above will be allotted in full. These results show a further slight increase in the demand for means of remittance to the East. An extraordinary general meeting of the North London Railway Company will be held on the 19th November, for the purpose of determining whether or not an application shall be made to the Board of Trade for an extension of the time for the construction of the new dock or basin and the bridge over the London and Blackwall Railway at Poplar; and also for an extension of the time for the completion of the new cut to the river Thames. The Great Eastern Railway Company have put forth an advertisement reminding holders of the "A" Debenture Stock (issued in lieu of terminable debentures), upon which 70 per cent. has been paid, that a further instalment of 20 per cent. is just due. The Crown agents for the Colonies announce that they will receive tenders for bills of exchange on the Government of Ceylon every Thursday until further notice. The subjoined report on the market for American securities is from the circular of Messrs. Satterthwaite & Co.:—"The decline in the premium on gold in New York, reported in our last, has continued with little interruption during the week, and there has been a corresponding rise in nearly all American securities currently dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. United States 5-20's, which were at one time 73 to $\frac{1}{2}$, ex 1st November coupon, close $72\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$; the 1865 issue leave off $71\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ ex coup., and the 10-40 Bonds 70 to $\frac{1}{2}$. Illinois Central shares have improved to $96\frac{1}{2}$ to 97; the monthly returns of this company evince a steady prosperity, the receipts from land sales for month of September being the large sum of \$400,000; Eries, on the other hand, on numerous sales, have declined to $31\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$, and leave off weak. Virginia Six per Cents. have experienced a rise of \$2, and are last quoted 34 to 36, after touching 38. There have been some transactions in Massachusetts Five per Cent. Dollar Bonds (principal and interest payable in gold), and inquiries are springing up about Central and Union Pacific Bonds, which are also gold bonds."

THE half-yearly report of the Standard Bank of British South Africa, to be presented on the 30th inst., shows an available balance of £11,029, and recommends a dividend of 10s. per share on the shares with £25 paid, and 4s. on those with £10 paid, and the appropriation of £942 to reserve, which will leave a balance of £917 to be carried forward. The paid-up capital of the bank is £458,655, the note circulation is £75,741, and the other liabilities are £818,135, of which £448,359 consists of deposit accounts. Creditors of the London and Mediterranean Bank (Limited) have been notified of a first dividend at the rate of 1s. 6d. in the pound, payable at the offices of Mr. George Whiffin, one of the liquidators, Old Jewry, on Monday, the 2nd November next. A meeting of the proprietors of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China was held on Wednesday, when a dividend was declared at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the past six months. The report of the directors of the Cape Railway Company recommends a half-yearly dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the preference stock and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on the ordinary stock. Warrants for the ninth half-yearly payment of 7 per cent. Guaranteed Interest on the shares of the Central Argentine Railway Company have been issued. The half-yearly interest on the City of Melbourne (Victoria, Debenture Loan, due on the 2nd November, is announced for

payment by the Union Bank of Australia in due course. Of the new Turkish Loan of £5,000,000, contracted at Paris with the Société Générale, £3,200,000 is required for the extinction of portions of the public debt becoming due. The amount, it is said, is to be remitted in six months' bills on the Ottoman Bank. A dividend of 25s. per share, being at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, is now payable at the offices of the Colonial Bank of Australasia to the registered shareholders of the Melbourne and Hobson's Bay United Railway Company. The numbers are published of the eighth drawing of 32 bonds on account of the Colombian Six per Cent. Loan of 1863 (amount not given), which are to be paid off at par at the London and County Bank. The half-yearly dividend on the Danish Five per Cent. Government Debentures, due 1st November, will be paid on and after that day by Messrs. R. Raphael & Sons.

At the late meeting of the Scottish National Insurance Company at Edinburgh, the new policies of the year were reported to have been 597, for £274,265. A bonus addition was made to the policies at the rate of £1. 10s. per cent. per annum for the four years since 1864. £10,000 was added to the paid-up capital out of profits, and a dividend declared of 10 per cent. per annum. The report of the North of Scotland Banking Company has been issued, in anticipation of the forthcoming meeting of shareholders. It shows that, including the balance from the previous year, after deduction of bad debts written off, and making adequate provision for estimated losses, &c., the profits for the twelve months ending Sept. 30 last, amount to £35,295. 9s. 3d. Out of this sum the directors will propose to pay a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., in addition to a like distribution in May last. It is announced that, owing to the falling-off in the receipts of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company for the half-year ended 30th June last, the directors will be unable, at the meeting of the proprietors to be held on the 28th inst., to recommend the payment of a dividend. The ordinary general meeting of the Standard Bank of British South Africa (Limited) will be held on the 30th inst. The directors of the Royal Insurance Company have, in consequence of Mr. Dove's death, appointed Mr. John H. McLaren, the late sub-manager, to be manager of the company, and Mr. Charles G. Fothergill, hitherto assistant-secretary in London, to be sub-manager.

MEMORANDA.

WE are glad to perceive that theatrical audiences are beginning to claim the right of hissing. There is some poetic justice in the fact that no sooner has the public awakened from its lethargy, and begun to demand some reason in stage performances, than its indignation has fallen upon the Adelphi Theatre. This theatre has, at intervals, more openly outraged public opinion than any other of its respectable compeers. "Garibaldi in Sicily," for example, was so atrocious a burlesque, that one wonders how a general gust of contempt and resentment did not close the doors of the theatre for ever. However, the Adelphi is again open; and Mr. Webster and Mr. Fechter are playing in "Monte Cristo"—another piece which is likely to be added to the list of Adelphi failures. It is satisfactory to know that on the first night not only did the audience exhibit marked signs of disapprobation at the more absurd or wearisome parts of the play, but that they ventured to suggest alterations and improvements. "More action!" was the cry, at certain points. This is as it should be. We would rather see a public over-censorious, than sitting wide-mouthed and silent, ready to swallow anything that is presented to them.

On the other hand, the unusually enthusiastic reception accorded to Miss Bateman, at the Haymarket Theatre, is also a very grateful sign. We are glad to know that theatre-goers can turn aside from real steam-engines, packs of harriers, and the like, to welcome a remarkably gifted actress, and the tender and tragic play in which she appears. We all remember the time when Miss Bateman, night after night, used to keep her audience in a state of hysterical sobbing; and her return to the London stage has been celebrated by another of these emotional triumphs. Indeed, the scene in the Haymarket on Monday night was extraordinary, and the mental excitement produced on the audience by the intense and painful interest of the play, and by the powerful acting of Miss Bateman, seemed to have been reflected to the actress herself, as she was led before the curtain at the conclusion of the piece. "Leah" is a genuine and beautiful artistic creation; and the greater popularity of the play, the greater hope is there for some improvement of taste among playgoers. Miss Bateman, we observe, will appear at the Haymarket in the drama "Pietra."

Another daily newspaper is announced, the *Morning Summary*, which is to be printed on toned paper and to cost a penny. Nothing has been authoritatively stated about its aim and political principles; but the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury* believes that the new journal is a project of the Comtist party,

and that the articles in its columns are to be signed. There are a good many Positivists engaged in contemporary anonymous journalism, and in the number are several distinguished and accomplished writers well known in other spheres. How a Positivist paper is likely to be received by the public it would be difficult to say; but if a too pronounced statement of philosophical opinions do not frighten ordinary readers, there is no doubt but that the *Morning Summary*, if written by prominent Comtists, will be distinguished by much candour and frankness of tone.

Some important announcements have been made in anticipation of the approaching bookselling season. The second volume of Dr. Curtius's "History of Greece," translated by A. W. Ward, appears in Mr. Bentley's list, together with a library edition of Dr. Mommsen's "History of Rome to the Fall of the Republic." Mr. Murray will publish the last volume of the late Lord Chancellor Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," this volume including Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. The same publisher announces "Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba," a journal of occurrences and conversations, by the late Sir Neil Campbell, British Commissioner. Messrs. Macmillan have in the press a volume of travels by Alfred Russell Wallace, which is sure to attract much attention; and Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co. will publish Dr. Henry Blanc's "Narrative of Captivity in Abyssinia," which is also likely to be widely read.

At the beginning of next month there will be published a new monthly serial, to be entitled *Masterpieces of the Mediæval Printers and Engravers*. It will be completed in twelve parts, each containing six plates, forming, when finished, one quarto volume; the plates will consist of a series of *fac-similes* from rare and curious books, consisting of illustrative devices, borders, remarkable initials, printers' marks, elaborate title-pages, &c. The whole will be produced under the direction of Mr. H. Noel Humphreys. The impression of the work will be limited to 450 copies.

The Dudley Gallery will shortly be opened with an exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil. A private view will be given on Friday next.

What is to be done to take away from the Thames Embankment that dry and dreary aspect which at present disfigures it? There are fine possibilities about the work in the way of decoration; but at present the Embankment is as cheerless and monotonous as the river in front of it. Why not, as a tentative, plant twin rows of young trees—spreading poplars, for example, which grow fast and have a graceful foliage? In a week or two the time will be opportune for preparing such an experiment; and the means of procuring soil for the trees would be a difficulty easy to get over. It is understood that we shall have statues, not gas-lamps, along the front of the Embankment; but a few trees would remove from the promenade that cold and forbidding look which characterizes most English efforts at city decoration.

Mrs. William Salt has presented to the county of Stafford the whole of the magnificent library left by her late husband. The books are valued at £8,000, and Lord Lichfield has been requested to arrange how they shall be distributed.

Most people have heard of the Bessemer process for converting iron into steel. For this purpose it was necessary that the iron should be of a very good quality, free from phosphorus and sulphur. It is now stated, however, that Mr. Heaton, of the Langley Mill, in the Grewash valley, has patented a process by which steel may be manufactured from inferior iron, "thus utilizing for the higher purposes of manufacture vast deposits of ore hitherto condemned to the lowest rank." "The process," we are further informed, "is chemical, and not mechanical, and a great economy of time and labour appears thus to be secured. Nitrate of soda is the agent employed, and the personal investigations of Professor Miller, of King's College, Vice-President of the Royal Society, and Mr. Robert Mallet, F.R.S., together with the results of experiments by Mr. David Kirkaldy as to the tensile and resisting strength of the steel manufactured by this method, appear to be conclusive as to its efficiency, placing the steel upon an equality with Low Moor and Bowling. The saving in cost of production is said to be several pounds sterling a ton."

A new method of destroying choke-damp by means of electricity, says the *Society of Arts' Journal*, "has been submitted to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Delaurier, and referred to the mineralogical section of that body for examination. The inventor proposes to place copper conductors, of considerable thickness, in the galleries; these are to be broken at intervals, and joined by means of very thin gold wire, soldered to the copper, the gold wire to be surrounded by flowers of sulphur, which ignites readily. By passing a strong current of electricity through the conductors, the gold wire becomes red-hot, the sulphur is ignited, and burns the mixture of air and other gases which may be present. By this means, says the inventor, the circuit is never broken; and if an explosion of gases take place, it is shown by the fact of the sulphur being blown off. The electric current is to be made to pass through the apparatus every morning, before the descent of the miners, and by putting a few pinches of sulphur on the gold wire every evening many lives might be spared. Several members of the Academy spoke approvingly of the proposed plan, but all coincided in the opinion that regular and powerful means of ventilation could in no case be dispensed with in mines where choke-damp existed, and, moreover, that the combustion of explosive gases, by the means proposed, would of itself render ventilation necessary, as it would produce carbonic acid and oxide of carbon, one suffocating and the other poisonous."

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE HANOVERIAN AND ITALIAN WAR.*

THE "Hanoverian and Italian War" does not convey to the mind a very clear conception of any important event. The phrase, however, is not ours, but that of Captain Wyatt (unattached), who writes a work on the subject, which the publishers have made externally brilliant and attractive. The author modestly informs the public in his preface that he was encouraged to undertake his task "by the very flattering and gracious manner in which several of the principal actors in the great drama that was played out on the Continent of Europe in 1866 have condescended to express themselves in respect to the author's review of the late Italian war." A declaration of this nature opportunely warns us to be careful how we review the present volume, as any "flattering and gracious" remarks might be seized on as an excuse for writing another volume on "The Slesvig-Holstein War in its Relation to the Coming Struggle"—a volume which, no doubt, might be made attractive and highly coloured by the publisher, if not by the author. The paramount importance which Captain Wyatt attaches to the wriggle which was made by Hanover before being elevated to the position which she now enjoys reminds us of a remark of the late Lord Jeffrey. When he visited America, shortly after the war of 1812, he found that war the theme of all the tongues in Boston and New York. Jeffrey quietly remarked that he thought he had heard some people in Liverpool talk of the war before he embarked. In like manner, the mock hostilities which were waged for the space of one week by Hanover may be remembered by a few individuals in this country, but the trifling episode will not occupy half a page in any judicious history. Captain Wyatt, however, is greatly exercised about it. He gives 132 pages to a most minute account of every movement of the Hanoverian army when it attempted to escape, with the King at its head, to the Austrian lines, on the outbreak of the war of 1866. He gives the detailed movements from day to day of every battalion, and faithfully chronicles where the King slept, and how each detachment of his army was posted on every occasion of a halt. Captain Wyatt undoubtedly has the soul of an adjutant, but we venture to doubt whether he has the ability and tact of an historian. The battle of Langensalza is described with great minuteness, apparent faithfulness, and considerable skill. So far as this combat is worthy of being chronicled, the author has done everything for it which military knowledge, and minute topographical correctness, can accomplish. In celebrating that ill-advised and unnecessary sacrifice of human life as a victory over the Prussians, the gallant captain is tactically correct, but strategically wrong. The superior force of the Hanoverians drove back the Prussian corps which attacked the army in position, but it was a repulse which ended in the immediate surrender of the King of Hanover and all his troops. The aim of the Hanoverian monarch was to escape with the force which he could still control, to throw in his lot with the Emperor of Austria; the desire of the Prussians was to intercept the army, but to allow the King to go wherever he chose. The attack of the Prussian corps under General Von Flies kept the Hanoverians from continuing their flight, and held them at the railway junction until they were so enveloped as to leave no resource but instant surrender. Had King George been as careful of the blood of his subjects as he was of his private fortune, the battle of Langensalza would never have been fought. Nearly 400 Hanoverians and 500 Prussians bit the dust, and 1,000 of each were wounded, in order to appease the royal wrath at losing a crown. It appears very chivalrous no doubt for an author to depict the sorrows of a king in the agonies of dethronement, but why does he say so little of the young men who lay on that battle-field in the agonies of death—slain as a sacrifice to an expiring dynasty? This kind of humanity is like that which pities the royal and scarlet lady of Spain in her enforced exile, but forgets the hundreds of patriotic men who have died that she might have another lease of license, another five years of cant and profligacy. King George has happily gone to join the lengthening catalogue of the discredited, but his kingdom flourishes as a part of the great German confederation with which all its aspirations and interests were bound up.

The remainder of the volume is occupied with a no less minute and somewhat more rational account of the campaign in Italy and the naval movements in the Adriatic, which ended in the Italian defeat at Lissa. These events were important as bear-

ing upon the great German war, which altered the face of Europe, and therefore come more within the domain of general history. The author, moreover, who can give correct information upon the causes which led to the failure of the Italians in the last war is doing a service at once to the Italians and to Europe. We knew the enthusiasm of the people, the unquestioned bravery of the army, its numerical strength and fair condition for fighting, and we cannot forget that the battle of Custoza was a most humiliating and unexpected event. The sympathies of Captain Wyatt are entirely with the Austrians, but we have no reason to doubt the correctness of his facts, and his comments are moderate and free from bitterness. Nor is his description of the battle of Custoza wanting in power and vividness when we consider the minuteness with which he traces the movements of the divisions of both armies, and the careful and laborious manner in which he recounts the character of the country in which both armies operated. The strategy of the Italians was to engage the Austrians with La Marmora's army, in the hope that Cialdini's second army might be able to come up in time to attack the Austrian rear. In short, the Italian campaign was to be a duplicate of that which terminated so victoriously in Bohemia. The Italians, unfortunately, had not that perfect organization which the Prussians possessed; the country which they were compelled to occupy, from the position of the various rivers, had not the same favourable features for the concerted movements of two great armies; and, most fatal of all, the Austrians possessed a leader who could define with great exactitude the tactics of his foe. He struck with rapidity, and was victorious before the Italians were in position. Apart from the advantage which the Austrians possessed in the military skill of their leader, and the shorter internal lines upon which they could operate, it cannot be doubted that the Italian army of La Marmora was handled with a want of skill which is perfectly inexplicable, except upon some of the political theories which have been since ventilated in Italy. The Italian divisions crossed the Mincio, and advanced into a country occupied by the enemy, at points too distant from each other to give effectual help, and which, at times, as completely separated the leading divisions from the supports and reserves as if they had been separate armies. Captain Wyatt's account of the commencement of the march of the Austrian troops to attack the unsuspecting invaders contains a few sentences of excellent descriptive writing:—

"A violent storm arose between the hours of twelve and two during the night of the 23rd and the morning of the 24th. The greater part of both armies bivouacked during the night. The Austrian soldiers stood around their watchfires, smoking their pipes and drinking coffee. Every one seemed to have made up his mind that under the descendant of the great Archduke they were certain to be able to avenge the defeat of Solferino on the advancing Italians. At half-past two the entire army commenced their advance, but the long columns could be scarcely observed in the prevailing darkness as they advanced through the cultivated fields. The wind was bracing, although not cold. Nature seemed to sleep, as if unaware of what was going on, or as if she believed the sacred day of rest was not going to be turned into a scene of bloodshed; and as the gorgeous Italian sun gradually broke the clouds the glitter of the arms could be seen, and at times the head of a column observed winding its way like a snake through the hilly region. . . . Presently clouds of white smoke arose, and about after shout issued from the Austrian soldiers as the unsuspecting Italian columns broke upon their view."

The usual result followed when a well-handled, compact force throws itself suddenly and in detail upon the divisions of their opponents caught in the act of taking up their position. The Italians resisted bravely; in many parts of the field they proved fully a match for the best soldiers of Austria; but still they had to retreat stunned, and so disorganized by the blow that it was several weeks before they could resume offensive operations. Captain Wyatt describes with great spirit, but with a too conspicuous Austrian leaning, the campaign of Garibaldi in the Tyrol, and the advance of Cialdini into Venetia. With still greater vigour he gives an account of the battle of Lissa, where, for the first time in European waters, ironclads met in conflict. The work does not touch upon the interesting political questions which were lately discussed in the Italian and Prussian journals. There are no piquant revelations to reward the industry of the reader who will diligently wade through the pages of our author. We much fear, also, that few persons care for the details of the battles of Custoza and Lissa. For Europe they have no interest, as they led to no results. The campaign was decided on that Bohemian battle-field where Austrian predominance in Germany and Italy was shattered at a blow. We are bound also to notice that Captain Wyatt's politics are of the crudest description. He still believes that the American war was fought on a question of tariff, and he somehow looks for the King of Hanover

* A Political and Military History of the Hanoverian and Italian War. With Maps and Plans. By Captain W. J. Wyatt (unattached), formerly of the Radetzky Hussars. London: Edward Stanford.

enjoying his own again. There is perhaps no reason why an Englishman should not gratify his taste in this respect. It is one which is less shared in every day by Hanoverians themselves; but then they perceive by experience the benefit of being part of a great German union, whereas the author regards the question solely in an abstract point of view as to the legitimacy of the claims of George the Fifth, and the impropriety and violence of the King of Prussia and Bismarck putting an end to the trumpety sovereignties of Germany. If authors look in this direction for the political forces of modern Europe they may be excused for occasionally making stupendous blunders. A case of excellent maps accompanies Captain Wyatt's volume.

DR. NEWMAN'S SERMONS.*

SERMONS are generally accounted dull reading, but the short discourses which are reprinted under the above heading must be excepted from the category of common homilies. The charm of a transparent style, and the graces of a kind of logic consistent at least with its own principles, give to all that Dr. Newman writes an interest over and above that which many persons might be inclined to attach to his subjects. Pulpit eloquence is, as a rule, undistinguished by either originality or elegance. Clergymen excuse themselves for being dull by saying that they must first be orthodox, and give as an apology for slipshod language, that grave matters of doctrine should not be presented with any of the foppishness of literary composition. Dr. Newman does not follow this fashion. To him the Spiritual Life is something so intensely real and true, that he never cares to wrap his views about it either in texts or platitudes. He is ready to stand by his opinions, but he never recognises the alternative of falling by them. He speaks to worldlings with a certain and assured voice, and tells them of God's ordinances as distinctly as if he were instructing them in the truths of chemistry. This manner is, in a literary aspect, sound art. The great work of Thomas à Kempis owes its attractiveness to a similar cause. If Dr. Newman ever descends from his high level to appeal to scepticism, for example, it is with a proud and firm consciousness of possessing an advantage by faith, to which, if scepticism is indifferent, so much the worse for it. He never either bans or blesses. He displays a singular analytical power in dealing with motives of action, which, considering the retired nature of his career, evinces a great intuitive perception of character. We believe Thackeray once said of him that were he not a great monk he would have been a great satirist. It is easy to see from what source Thackeray could have derived the notion. Throughout all Dr. Newman's writings, and in the sermons now before us, delivered at the commencement of his preaching, there is an utter absence of commonplace sensibility or enthusiasm. Combined with this specialty, we find a most unpromising candour in detailing the weaknesses and feelings of creatures, and a tone, or rather an under-current of something akin to mockery when contrasting the things of earth with those of heaven. In fact, to his mind, man should simply be a worshipping animal, with every faculty, impulse, and sentiment trained that he should pray at once with submission and vigour. He has no right to waste his emotions upon art; those emotions were given as suggestive powers for active virtues; he should fear nothing but God, he should love nothing but God, he should hope for nothing but the beatific vision. All this is put before us, not with the wearisome iteration of the town or country parson indigenous to the Church, but with a scholarly neatness and emphasis which we seldom meet with in modern books.

In a sermon upon "Reverence, a Belief in God's Presence," Dr. Newman treats the subject of religious fear in a manner which might be of service to a good many clergymen. It has often struck us that there are few professed infidels, or "materialists," as they are ignorantly called, who are as impious as church-going people. The former, at least, when alluding to the Deity, do not forget the tremendous interests in which He is involved and concerned; the latter approach Him with a shocking familiarity which it is difficult to describe without being irreverent by an illustration. The notions of God prevalent amongst the poor, and amongst many of the rich, would be ludicrous if they were not horrible. And yet the persons who entertain them go on their knees from day to day, sending up petitions based upon their conception of a Being of whom they have the meanest and most insulting comprehension. Dr. Newman justly indeed complains of "the familiarity with which many persons address our Lord in

prayer, applying epithets to Him, and adopting a strain of language which does not beseem creatures, not to say sinners." Again, he finds fault with "the introduction in speaking or writing of serious and solemn words for the sake of effect, to round or to give dignity to a sentence." At first sight this latter correction might seem hypercritical, and would seem to suggest an instruction in holy fear so perfect that the student might think it best to be dumb altogether; but Dr. Newman evidently refers to those ministers of words rather than of the Gospel, who make angels as well as old women weep with their unctuous pronunciation of Mesopotamia. Cowper has drawn a picture of these gentlemen which might stand as typical of half a dozen Pimlico and Belgravian favourites of the present time.

The absence of an active fear is to be attributed to an imperfect realization of God's presence. We should, writes Dr. Newman, possess this fear if we saw Him. We should not speak to Him familiarly, peremptorily, or in unreal words, or address Him in unseemly postures. Neither, it may be added, should we sing hymns to a harmonium accompaniment led off by squalling charity boys, or be seen putting coins into a bag handed round to pay for wax-candles, and incense from Rim-mel's. Men "certainly lack in their religion at present an external restraint arising from the consciousness of God's presence," but their outward devotion is not less a devotion that, if the miracle of a Visible Presence were repeated, it might be extinguished by a supreme dread. The Israelites who heard Him thunder from Sinai, and manifest Himself in their journey through the Wilderness, were as reckless and as wrongheaded (stiffnecked) a people as ever lived. Dr. Newman shows a kind of impatience with ordinary people for not sharing his own intense consciousness of God's presence in the world; but he should not forget that this consciousness is partly an intellectual gift—to him a gift at least—which he owes in no small degree to a poetical instinct and fancy which is as uncommon as the accomplishment of writing and inventing such a poem as "Gerontius."

God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions. On this text Dr. Newman preaches, perhaps, the most characteristic sermon in the volume. He starts off with offering the condition of Adam as an excuse for asceticism. "Adam was a hermit, whether he would or no." True; but does not this very circumstance that God made him such, point out to us what is our true happiness, if we were given it, which we are not? Adam, to be sure, was a hermit; but then we learn it was not good for him to be alone, and Eve, a hermitess, came on the scene. Adam, taken by himself, cannot be accepted as Dr. Newman insists, "as in type what our perfection is." We are not taught that Adam retired from Eve to pray by himself, which is the custom of hermits. Dr. Newman follows up his line of speculation by enumerating the various recluses who have kept apart from their fellow-creatures, but we think in his first instance at least he has not given us a notable precedent. Children also resemble Adam, writes Dr. Newman. Adam was fenced off from the world, fenced off even from himself; we, in like manner, are fenced off from our childhood's recollections and feelings. This view is not at all above criticism (for instance there was no *world* in the real sense, in the sense as we understand the word, outside Paradise), but it is not respectful enough to the author of these discourses to judge them too nearly with a sectarian microscope. With all their beauties and attractions they are sermons, and as such must be allowed a great deal of independent reach and scope, untrammelled by those argumentative checks which are fittingly imposed upon writers and speakers who treat mundane and material subjects.

Some one reviewing Dr. Newman's poems, we believe in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, applied to them Goethe's title of the history of a beautiful soul. We might use the same words in speaking of this volume. The noble sincerity of the preacher, and his classical reserve of diction, the poise and justness of the few ornaments with which he decorates his discussions, and, above all, their touching and profound faith, must win the admiration and respect of every one who reads them.

ANNE HEREFORD.*

WHATEVER may have been said in dispraise of the sensational school of novelists, at any rate it is something to find a book the three volumes of which can be read, not only without weariness and disgust, but with positive interest and pleasure.

* Parochial and Plain Sermons. By John Henry Newman, B.D., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. In Eight Volumes. Vol. V. New Edition. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Bivingtons.

* Anne Hereford. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. London: Tinsley Brothers.

Mrs. Henry Wood is not a great novelist, nor is she in any sense a great artist; but she has, in a high degree, the power of story-telling. As a rule, the difficulties into which the *dramatis personæ* of her novels get are so gratuitously unnecessary, and the ease by which a word on their part would extricate them from their troubles so apparent, that the reader loses all belief in the reality of the incident, and is simply annoyed at the stupidity of the hero and heroine. There is, too, a want of truth in the minute details which is never found in a really high-class novel. When we read, for instance, that the stolen will was written on parchment all belief in the will and in the theft departs. The reader knows, as a matter of fact, that wills are not made on parchments, and one little slip destroys all illusion in a moment. Mrs. Henry Wood probably has never made her will, and knows nothing of such matters, nor is a woman supposed to know anything of them, but then she should not write about them, or she should get her MS. revised by some one of wider experience than herself. There is one subject, however, of which Mrs. Henry Wood ought to know something, and that is the character of women. With a certain type of woman Mrs. Henry Wood seems to be familiar; it is not a high type, certainly—but one rather weak-minded, gossiping, and decidedly vulgar. Sometimes the authoress appears to have a painful doubt whether her heroine is a well-bred gentlewoman, or a lady, as Mrs. Henry Wood and the servant-maids would say, and then she is obliged to tell her readers in so many words that her heroine is a lady, and many times has that assurance to be reiterated in the course of the book, unhappily with little effect upon the mind of the reader, whatever comfort it may bring to the authoress.

Anne Hereford, the heroine, introduces herself to us as a child of eleven years old, "a thoughtful, gentle child, with a smooth, pale forehead, earnest eyes, and long, dark eyelashes that swept her cheek." George Eliot has told us that long eyelashes are not necessarily indicative of high moral qualities, so Anne Hereford's eyes and eyelashes seem to have meant nothing in particular. There was one thing about her that had a decided value: she was a "Carew of Keppe-Carew." This was the Gorgon's head before which her enemies fell prostrate. However lowly Miss Hereford's position at any time, she had but to unveil the awful Keppe-Carew genealogy and her triumph was instantaneous. The Carews of Keppe-Carew had, under some inscrutable dispensation of Providence, been suffered to degenerate into the female line; and the three daughters of the last of the Carews were somewhat unfortunate in their matrimonial relationships. There was Mrs. Hereford, the mother of the heroine, who had married an officer without money, and who died a widow, leaving Anne unprovided for, and in the charge of her sister Mrs. Edwin Barley. This lady had married Mr. Edwin Barley for his money, and, being young and good-looking while her husband was elderly and ugly, she amused herself by strong flirtations with her husband's ward, Philip King, and with her guest, George Heneage. All these people are incessantly acting as spies upon one another—Philip King jealously watching George Heneage, and Mr. Edwin Barley leaving his shooting parties to spy upon both, while Anne Hereford is generally behind a curtain or a tree watching the whole of this agreeable household. The result of a system of espionage, conducted by men with guns in their hands, is that Philip King is shot dead in the park close to Anne Hereford's feet, George Heneage and Mr. Edwin Barley both appearing with their guns coming from the direction from which the shot was fired. As Mr. Edwin Barley comes into a large fortune by the death of his ward, and as he was a man with an overwhelming love of money, the reader is left in doubt which of the two fired the fatal shot. However, Heneage disappears, and is pursued with unrelenting vindictiveness, by Mr. Barley. Mrs. Barley, rushing out in the night air in her evening dress to find Heneage, caught what is vulgarly called her death of cold, but makes, unknown to her husband, a will, leaving her fortune to Anne Hereford. Mr. Barley's housekeeper, in her zeal for her master, finds the will, on the night of Mrs. Barley's death, and destroys it. The will having disappeared, Mr. Barley refuses to provide for Anne Hereford, who goes to a school in Paris, and meets there a Miss Chandos among the pupils. This young lady runs away from the school, and marries a Mr. Alfred de Melisse, much to the disgust of her distinguished mother, Lady Chandos. Madame de Melisse, who is rather flighty, soon tires of her equally flighty husband, and then begs to return to the ancestral home of Chandos for a visit of indefinite length. Monsieur reluctantly consents, on condition that his wife takes Anne Hereford as a companion. On arriving at Chandos House, it is clear that

Anne is *de trop*, and that a mystery hangs over the mansion, which is shut in by trees and carefully kept from the view of strangers. Of course, the mystery is that George Heneage, alias George Chandos, the supposed murderer of Philip King, and a son of Lady Chandos, is concealed in the house. This concealment affords Miss Hereford abundant opportunity for exercising her peeping propensities, an opportunity which she does not neglect, and thereby occasions considerable uneasiness to the other son of Lady Chandos, usually called Mr. Chandos, with whom Anne falls in love. The exercise of the affections, of course, causes the young lady to grow sentimental and talk of skies and trees and clouds and dying, and accordingly we have the following new and beautiful sentiment:—

"The morning had been very lovely; the evening was setting in less so; a sighing wind whistled amidst the trees, clouds passed rapidly over the face of the sky, and the autumn leaves fell and were whirled about the paths. Did it ever strike you that there is something melancholy in these dying leaves? Many people like autumn best of the four seasons; but I think there is in it a great deal of sadness. It brings our own autumn of life too forcibly to the mind: as the leaves of the trees decay, and fall, and die, so must we when our time shall come."

But the indefatigable Mr. Edwin Barley is on the watch for his victim, and takes a house close to the park gates, that he may the more easily discover the whereabouts of George Chandos, who is in the mean time closely shut up in a wing of the house dying of consumption. A few hours after his death Mr. Barley succeeds in his quest, only to find that his vengeance has been defeated, and that George Chandos, who shot Philip King, half by accident, and half by design, is out of the reach of human justice. Mr. Chandos becomes Sir Harry Chandos, and marries Anne Hereford, who receives her aunt's fortune from the repentant Edwin Barley, so that everything is made pleasant and comfortable in the end.

As we have said, the story is very readable, and there are occasional gleams of humour; take the following: George Chandos has ventured to take a walk by night among the trees of the park, and has been seen and taken for a ghost by the servants:—

"'But the thing is incredible,' persisted Harriet. 'Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that it is Mr. Chandos's ghost that walks, what does it come for, Lizzie Dene?'"

"'I never heard that ghosts stooped to explain their motives. How should we know why it comes?'"

"'And I never heard yet that ghosts of live people came at all,' continued Harriet, in recrimination. 'And I don't think anybody else ever did.'"

"'But you know that's only your ignorance, Harriet. Certain people are born into the world with their own fetches or wraiths, which appear sometimes with them, sometimes at a distance, and Mr. Chandos must be one. I knew a lady's maid of that kind. While she was with her mistress in Scotland, her fetch used to walk about in England, startling acquaintances into fits. Some people call 'em doubles.'"

"'But what's the use of them?' reiterated Harriet; 'what do they do? That's what I want to know.'"

"'Harriet, don't you be profane, and set up your back against spirituous things,' rebuked Lizzy Dene. 'There was a man in our village, over beyond Marden, that never could be brought to reverence such; he mocked at 'em like any heathen, saying he'd fight single-handed the best ten ghosts that ever walked, for ten pound a side, and wished he could get the chance. What was the awful consequences? Why that man, going home one night from the beer-shop, marched right into the canal in mistake for his own house-door, and was drowned.'"

Mrs. Henry Wood is clearly most *en rapport* with the servant-maids.

HEAT.*

PROFESSOR CAZIN is not the equal of Professor Tyndall in the domain of physics; but he is, nevertheless, a man of genuine ability, of which this little work on the "Phenomena and Laws of Heat," ably translated by Mr. Rich, affords ample proof. We miss in the Frenchman's book the luminosity which gives such fascination to the style of his English contemporary. Professor Tyndall touches the hardest and most commonplace subjects only to make them shine, and yield up their inherent, though invisible poetry. The production of such effects, not at the expense of matters of fact, but by their very means, is surely a test of superior genius. But Professor Cazin, if less brilliant, is not less clear than Professor Tyndall; and it is a proof of at least high ability, when we find a man able to expound, in language intelligible to the popular understanding, laws and their phenomena around which still hangs a haze of

* The Phenomena and Laws of Heat. By Achille Cazin, Professor of Physics in the Lyceum of Versailles. Translated and Edited by Elihu Rich, Editor of Griffin's "Cyclopedia of Biography," and "Occult Sciences," late Editor of The People's Magazine, &c. &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

mystery. In rendering works of general literature from one language into another, it almost invariably happens that some charm of the original evaporates in the process, or that some confusion creeps into the translation. The latter of these dangers is the one most to be apprehended in translating a work like that of Professor Cazin, wherein numerous technicalities demand from the translator unusual knowledge, care, and skill. Mr. Rich has brought these in good measure to the execution of his task; and therefore the resulting translation, if not otherwise notable, is marked by the indispensable qualities of simplicity, clearness, and accuracy, without which it would have been worthless, but with which, aided by a host of neat illustrations, it is an exceedingly useful and handy treatise on a subject of universal interest.

As Professor Cazin writes for the popular ear, he avoids the region of conjecture, and his book is therefore wholly devoted to the explanation of the phenomena and laws of heat, so far as these have been placed beyond doubt by observation and experiment. He is a philosopher of the inductive school, a true physicist, an observer of facts and the laws of facts, not a builder of theories on insufficient inductions as to the cause of phenomena. Indeed, our author seems to have an unnecessary dread of theory, and takes the pains to prefix to his treatise a cautionary note which has peculiar significance. "The kind of reasoning," he says, "adopted by many authors who have written on the *mechanical theory of heat* might lead one to suppose that they were disciples of some peculiar school of philosophy, and that they had borrowed from certain metaphysical doctrines the principles they advance. Nothing could be further from the truth than such an opinion. When physicists affirm that the phenomena of heat are due to certain movements of the particles of matter, they simply express a fact experimentally known to them, and concerning which there can be no manner of doubt. It is no part of their business, and they do not pretend to deduce from the correlation they observe between heat and the sensible or atomic movements of bodies, any conclusion relative to the constitution of the universe. Nothing could be more unfair than to allege that their opinions lead to the negation of a primal force, and thus to materialism. A distinguished writer on Physics, M. Hirn, has even demonstrated in his '*Exposition de la Théorie Mécanique de la Chaleur*,' that the experimental principles upon which they depend result logically, neither in materialism nor Pantheism, but in the purest spiritualism. The essential character of the new theory of heat is to show the connection of phenomena, in a continued chain, viewed independently of their causes; that is to say, without taking into consideration the nature of the forces which produce them." On the assumption that no principle in nature can lead either to materialism or Pantheism, it is probable that all principles, and therefore those of heat, do, as a matter of fact, result in the purest spiritualism. We believe that they do so result. But it seems doubtful whether the fact has yet reached, if it can ever reach, the sphere of logic. Many things are true which are not demonstrated, and which logic seems for a time, at least, more capable of proving to be false than true. Remembering, however, that this kind of truth—that the principles of matter result in spiritualism—has waited some thousands of years, it can well afford to wait a few years longer for that final flash of fact which shall once and for ever place it beyond the possibility of doubt, even to those who cannot accept of a spiritual revelation. In the mean time, if any law of matter seems to lead to materialism, that is doubtless a quite legitimate stage in the process of the law; but if a true law, it will only lead to materialism to pass through it, as the Prophet passed through the Red Sea, to that pure spiritualism without which any species of material phenomena were impossible. It is probable that the *unknown* of matter is greater, both in quantity and quality, than the *known*; and if so, any dogmatic theorizing, from whatever point of view commenced, as to the direction in which it leads, or may ultimately lead, is still premature, and is more likely to lead into thick fogs of error than into the clear sphere of truth. Not wholly unneeded is Professor Cazin's advice to his readers to become disciples of Galileo, whom he regards as the founder of the natural method of investigation. "We cannot," said the great Italian, "know the essence of things; the absolute escapes us; we can only appreciate the relative. The causes are of little consequence; it is the necessary relations or laws of things which must be discovered." It is in this spirit that Professor Cazin proceeds in his treatise on heat, avoiding altogether the tempting field of speculation. "We shall," he says, "be sufficiently acquainted with heat when, having become habituated to grasp a natural tie between its several effects, we are able to say which of them will be produced under such and such circumstances."

Two hypotheses only as to the nature of heat have attained any prominence in recent times, the one superseding the other. The discarded hypothesis, which was generally accepted till about the beginning of the present century, was based on the assumed materiality of heat, which was described as a kind of fluid matter without weight, interposed between the molecules of bodies, but different from the matter which constitutes them, and having the power of passing from one body into another with great rapidity. This spirit-like matter was called caloric, and was supposed to be received into bodies, or given out by them, according as they are warmed or cooled. "In combustion, the different substances were supposed to combine whilst disengaging caloric, because their molecules, having changed position, constituted a new body incapable of containing the sum of the quantity of caloric contained in the substances previous to combustion." The supersession of the caloric hypothesis was due to the discovery of numerous facts with which it was found to be incompatible; and Professor Cazin gives several illustrations in proof of the fallacy of the theory. Physicists now accept the dynamic hypothesis as to the nature of heat, which they describe as a motion of the molecules of bodies—a motion intensified in the process of warming, and diminished in the process of cooling, "which moreover can be transmitted from one body to another, in the same manner that the agitation excited at one point of a mass of water is progressively communicated to the whole body by a sort of radiation in every direction. The molecules are supposed to be distributed under the dominion of a universal attractive force, in the midst of a very elastic fluid called ether, which is spread through all space; and it is through the mediation of this fluid that the radiation of heat and light takes place. Thus, when two bodies are brought together, the motion of their molecules tends to distribute itself equally, and the effects of heat would be due to the reciprocal transmission of these motions. Friction develops heat, because, according to this theory, a motion is communicated between the rubbing body and the insensible molecules of the body rubbed. This motion escapes our notice, as do the molecules themselves, in consequence of its extreme minuteness; but our senses are impressed by the various effects of this motion which we call heat." Further, "the disappearance of heat would simply mean the diminution of the motion of the molecules, this being transmitted, not to the molecules of the neighbouring bodies, but to their appreciable masses, which are always put in motion when this disappearance takes place. The molecular motion, therefore, would be converted into the motion of the mass; the heat would be transformed into mechanical work, the same as in the inverse case; in friction and in other circumstances, the motion of the mass would be converted into molecular motions, the mechanical work transformed into heat." This is Professor Cazin's explanation of the dynamic theory of heat, so far as he feels warranted in explaining it. The writings of Bacon, Descartes, Euler, and others, contain traces of the hypothesis, but necessarily in a tentative and nebulous form compared with the precision it has assumed in the minds of modern philosophers. There is a certain hesitancy in the statements of Professor Cazin on this subject. He pauses just where a very superior mind would be unable to resist the temptation to indulge in a little speculation, and where an inferior mind would do so somewhat in the spirit of scientific bravado. There is much to commend in the caution of the Frenchman—the more because he is a Frenchman—a person who has been supposed, not without good reason, to be unapproachable as a swift bold theorizer. The Professor adds that "it is not sufficient that this hypothesis should be definitely traced out that heat should be spoken of as a motion; it is still necessary to say what kind of motion is imagined, and what are its laws. Until this is done, only the preparation or rough draft of a theory is made out." Such words may be due, not to intellectual timidity, but to true wisdom; for so long as an element of mystery surrounds a subject, the building of a theory, as to its ultimate signification and destiny is, to a certain extent, a work of vanity or a waste of brain.

Professor Cazin then proceeds to the proper work of his book, the phenomena and laws of heat, which he explains and illustrates in so clear and transitional a manner that the student is enabled to follow him with ease and pleasure. To a young mind bent on learning the truth about some of the more obvious and most wonderful phenomena of the universe, the book will have much of the fascination of a romance. If it were possible in a notice like this to follow our author into the various sources and effects of heat, a great story might be told without doing offence to the laws of nature. Between the primitive method of making a fire by rubbing two sticks together, which is still practised by some barbarous tribes, and the invention of the lucifer-match, there is a long reach of time and many

stages of civilization, the whole course of which is marked by the most brilliant scientific discoveries. On a cold winter night, the white storm roaring outside, a peat fire in a reeky Highland hut is not to be despised; but it is a long step from the hut to the pleasant city drawing-room with a fire of black diamond burning energetically in the grate. Yet both these fires have their remote origin in the sun, that fathomless fountain of light and heat, and therefore of beauty and power. From the beginning of time has the sun presided over the geological epochs, and without his aid was not a single stratum of the world laid down. He is not the creator of life; but without his genial and subtle ministrations, life were an impossibility. He is the golden wizard under whose procreant beams all material things pass through cycles of re-creation,—making the dead support the living generations. If we have any terrestrial heat, it is to him that we owe it. Millions of years ago, he hid the coal measures and the metals in the bowels of the earth, that the genius of to-day might use them as sources of comfort and instruments of power. It is the sun, therefore, which draws our trains along the railways, blows our ships round the globe, and weaves our very shirts. Being also the source of vegetation, he feeds our cattle, and consequently feeds ourselves. It is not the cow, but the sun, which gives us milk, and hence it is not the nurse, but the sun, by which our children are suckled. So marvellous is the power and genius of heat, and so inexhaustible is the heat of the metropolitan orb of fire! Well might Professor Tyndall say that "we are no longer in a poetical sense, but in a material sense, children of the sun." But we are not, therefore, impregnable to the assaults of heat, especially when it is exhibited in some of its more terrible forms. Heat can suckle a baby; but it can also rouse an earthquake which shall swallow thousands of human beings. Something still more tremendous is possible to the power of heat. In one of his lectures, Professor Tyndall referred to the prophecy of St. Paul, "that the elements shall be dissolved in fire," and remarked that "the simple motion of the earth comprehends all that is necessary and sufficient for the accomplishment of this prophecy." The revolution of the earth round the sun is so swift—1,100 miles a minute—that if this motion were suddenly arrested, the cessation would generate a quantity of heat sufficient to reduce the whole terrestrial globe into vapour. It is further asserted, that if the earth fell like an asteroid into the sun, the heat disengaged by the shock would be as great as that produced by a globe of carbon 6,000 times bigger while burning in oxygen. In that eventuality, our poor little planet would as swiftly disappear as would a nutful of gun-cotton flung into a blazing furnace.

ANECDOTES OF ROYALTY.*

MR. HODGINS, being anxious to develop "personal love for the sovereign and loyalty to her throne" among the Canadians, bethought him of collecting from the *Canadian Journal of Education* certain sketches and anecdotes of the Royal Family and publishing these in a volume. It is also possible that Mr. Hodgins may have calculated upon the curiosity which even we in England display in inquiring into the domestic life of the Queen. Not even the fact that such inquiries invariably discover only the most innocent and charming results seems to blunt the eagerness with which English men and women scan the details of her Majesty's household management. There is no food for scandal, and yet people are interested. It would seem as if there were some awful delight in regarding our most gracious sovereign in short petticoats, as she is represented in this volume. Indeed, the Queen first makes her appearance in the book as a royal infant, being carried in the arms of her nurse, who was good enough to show the baby to Bishop Fulford, leaving his lordship to mention the event, long afterwards, in terms of wonder and gratitude. Her Majesty next appears as a "royal girl" in Kensington Palace gardens. Then we come to an anecdote, which, being very pretty, and pointed with a very commendable moral, we borrow from Mr. Hodgins:—

"The following admirable trait in the character of the Queen may not be generally known:—When Princess Victoria, she is said frequently to have amused herself by going, *incognito*, in a carriage to different shops, and derived great entertainment, when divested of the appendages attendant upon royalty, in observing as a passive spectator the infinite variety of incidents and occupations with which

London abounds. Being one day at a jeweller's, among many other objects that attracted her attention, was one that fixed it. This was a young and intelligent lady, who was most sedulously employed in looking over different gold chains for the neck, which were alternately presented to her for inspection. After she had admired several, she asked the price of one which seemed to have peculiarly struck her fancy. The price was more than she imagined it would have been.

"Could it not be offered cheaper?" she asked.

"Impossible," was the reply.

"The young lady seemed disconcerted, examined the chain again, took it up, and finally laid it down again, appearing to part from it with reluctance. However, she at length admitted that the price was far too high, chose a much cheaper one, which she ordered to be sent home, and went away. The young Princess Victoria, who had silently observed the different workings of the mind of the lady as displayed in her countenance, inquired who she was, and upon receiving satisfactory information, ordered the firm to pack up the gold chain which had so attracted her attention with the one she had purchased, and send it with a card, signifying that the Princess Victoria was so well pleased with observing that the young lady, who had been so much taken with the beauty and workmanship of the chain, had yet so much command of her passions as not to suffer these to overcome her prudence, that she, therefore, in token of her approval, desired her to accept the chain which she so much admired, in the hope that she would always persevere in that laudable line of conduct upon which female happiness so much depended."

Following step by step the progress of Queen Victoria from girlhood to womanhood, Mr. Hodgins gathers what details he can find about her early training, her coming of age, her marriage. Then we come to the time at which her children appear upon the stage. Here we find Mr. Hodgins very derelict. Why, the most cursory glancing over any file of newspapers would have supplied him with better stories than he presents about the Queen's children. Some few years ago, scarcely a week passed without bringing its legend from Windsor about this or that portentous act of generosity or insubordination on the part of the royal infants. Is it possible that so loyal a gentleman as Mr. Hodgins proves himself to be could have forgotten all these charming little anecdotes? If he had forgotten them, why not invent others? Doubtless the product of his inventive faculty would have had as solid a substratum of truth as the incidents which used to arouse the interest of the readers of weekly periodicals. Here, for example, is one story quoted by Mr. Hodgins, which has the true legendary flavour about it:—

"Two of the little English Princesses once went into a room where a servant was polishing a stove-grate, and insisted on helping her. After getting possession of the brushes, they polished the woman's face instead of the grate. The servant was ready to sink with confusion, for she could not leave the apartment without encountering Prince Albert. He was astonished to see so dirty an object emerging from his rooms, and inquired the meaning of it. The servant reluctantly told him. It soon reached the ears of the Queen, and she was seen crossing the court, leading the two Princesses by the hand, towards the servants' quarters. Her Majesty sought out the woman, made her daughters ask her pardon, and sent them at once to the nearest millinery and dress establishment, to purchase a complete outfit—dress, bonnet, shawl, gloves, &c., and present them to the servant in lieu of the dress they had soiled upon her. The articles were purchased with their own money, and consequently their supply of it was curtailed materially; but this they said they didn't care for in the least—in fact, it rather pleased them than otherwise—it was only asking the woman's pardon they didn't like."

But the Princesses grow up, and marry, and then their children are ushered in by Mr. Hodgins, who, as master of the ceremonies, wears a dignified look as he observes some royal baby sucking its thumb. It is only fair that, having exhibited the two generations, we should pay some attention to the third, and so we add a picture of the children of the Prince and Princess of Prussia:—

"Whenever the Prince and Princess give a State dinner in their little palace, the latter has the two babies brought in, as a matter of course, at the dessert—a thing unheard of in the annals of Prussian royalty. My informant was present, with the rest of the *élite* of the diplomatic circle, at a diplomatic dinner given by them a couple of days before he left Berlin. He says that the two children, charmingly dressed, fat, happy, and merry, were brought into the dining-room as soon as the cloth was removed, the baby being placed in the lap of its proud young mother, the elder child on its father's knee, and duly complimented, admired, and allowed to take a minute drop of wine and a little fruit with as little ceremony as though they were not a king's grandchildren. . . .

"The Princess is, as may well be imagined, a general favourite with all classes. My diplomatic friend, who has often witnessed the cordiality with which the young pair are received on all public occasions, happened to be passing along the Victoria-Strasse, not long since, on some public anniversary (the King's birthday, if I remember rightly), just as a crowd had assembled under the windows of the Crown Prince's palace, and were cheering its inmates in a lusty style. One of the windows soon opened, and the Prince and Princess came out upon the balcony, the latter leading out her little son and the former carrying in his arms the baby, which he held up, with a smile, to the admiration of his future lieges—tossing it up and holding it up above his head, while the little creature stuck its little fat thumb into its mouth, alternately sucking it and laughing, and crowing in a

* Sketches and Anecdotes of Her Majesty the Queen, the late Prince Consort, and other Members of the Royal Family. Selected and Arranged chiefly for Young People. By J. George Hodgins, LL.B., F.R.G.S., Deputy Superintendent of Education for the Province of Ontario (late Upper Canada). London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

state of great delight—who cheered the Prince and his family more lustily than ever.”

In brief, this book is not nearly so bad as it might have been. In many parts it seems absurd; but Mr. Hodgins wisely keeps himself out of the way, and allows the blame to fall on the people whose incoherent rhapsodies over the way some Princess was found arranging table-linen, or splitting peas, he merely quotes. At the same time it must be said that the compilation—for the book has no pretensions to be a work of literature at all—might have been more comprehensive, and is decidedly defective in arrangement. Neither time, place, nor circumstance is observed in stringing together these extracts. We jump over years, and are then dragged back again, to find the royal characters in the same scenes which we left behind some pages before. The book, however, is for the young; it has some illustrations, and, as it confines itself to the present royal family, it only speaks of what is good, and tender, and true. It is a very harmless, and perhaps interesting, little volume for those whom it professes to address.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THERE is a passage in one of John Sterling's letters in which, speaking of the "Opera Omnia" of Spinoza, he says that a copy may be purchased in London for five or six shillings—"about the price of a quarterly magazine!" The note of admiration carries an obvious meaning with it. Yet the Quarterlies are worth reading, and though, there were neither quarterlies nor monthlies in the days of Spinoza, we may affirm that the existence of a periodical literature is a necessary adjunct of intellectual progress in our own time.

Among the quarterly reviews, the *Westminster* seems to us to be one of the most efficient—in point of variety, and fairness too. Those who look with suspicion upon the kind of faith which is supposed to underlie all its articles might well go to it to learn a lesson of candour from the manner in which it reviews works of theology and sentiment of a turn alien to its own. Its short notices are generally among the best of its contents; moderate, rapidly appreciative, and yet so frankly taking the author's point of view for the standpoint of the criticism that an uninitiated reader could not at all guess the critic's own personal standpoint, though here and there we fancy we may note an exception. Among the most readable of the articles in large type is one on Spielhagen's novels, but it is not a paper to quote from. An article entitled the "Suppressed Sex" is very entertaining, and something more. Its general tone is rather too much like a scream, but candid readers will not refuse to lend an ear to the author's testimony as to the beneficial effects experienced in America from training men and women together in the same colleges. Is not the practice in the parish schools of Scotland somewhat to the point here? The anecdote we are about to quote is not new, but the whole passage is interesting:—

"At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her; and a child was so rare that once at a theatre in the same city, where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra began to play, a man in the pit cried out—'Stop those fiddles and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years!' The audience applauded this sentiment; the orchestra stopped; and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm. Into such communities as these women are now following; and in them they are finding a position and influence, enhanced by their scarcity, which is still very remarkable. In America men exceed women in number by a million; and in the West the disproportion is extreme. In California there is one woman to three men; in Nevada one to eight; in Colorado one to twenty."

We are glad to see the *Westminster* calling attention, in a long and careful paper, to Dr. Chapman's treatment of sea-sickness by the application of ice-bags to the spine. The article is more than "careful," it is cautious, and yet it produces evidence in favour of the treatment which must surely compel attention. Persons have died before now from taking internal "remedies," but we have never heard of any case of injury from the ice-bag. The best of the testimonials (to use that hackneyed word) are too long to quote, but the following may be found interesting:—

"Mr. S. M. Bradley, one of the surgeons on the Canard line, reports as follows:—'In severe cases, where other remedies have failed, I have very generally found it (the spinal ice-bag) do great good. I have applied it to young children, delicate women, and old people. In no case does it do harm; but in the great majority of instances it soothes the nervous irritability which so commonly accompanies sea-sickness, induces sleep, and so enables the stomach to receive light food, and consequently relieves exhaustion. . . .

I order it to be kept on a couple of hours; though, if the patient sleeps, as is often the case, I never remove it until after waking.' These extracts may be allowed to speak for themselves. They at least are sufficiently striking to make it the duty of all sea-going surgeons to give a fair and unprejudiced trial to a method of treatment so simple and apparently so efficacious. Were this done we should soon be able to know whether more extended experience bears out Dr. Chapman's anticipations. When we consider that several years have elapsed since the treatment was first proposed, and that hundreds of passengers are daily leaving our shores who would only be too rejoiced to resort to any measure which promises a chance of relief, it is really quite surprising that it has not been more generally tried. When we hear, however, that even the proprietors of one of our principal steam-boat companies have threatened with dismissal a surgeon who applied spinal ice-bags, on the plea that he was making unjustifiable experiments on the passengers, we can scarcely be surprised that it takes some time to overcome the prejudices of the many, who are always ready to look with suspicion on all that is novel and opposed to their former views. . . . We have ourselves repeatedly used the ice-bag in the treatment of various affections in women and young children, without ever observing the slightest unpleasant consequences, and often with decided benefit. So far from being disagreeable, patients have generally expressed themselves as finding it a comfortable and pleasant application."

The article on "Poems by William Morris" will at once be assigned to its true author, but its intrinsic fulness of suggestion would make it valuable by whomsoever written.

In the *Edinburgh* Mr. Kinglake's last volume is severely handled; but sharp criticism will do Mr. Kinglake no harm. On the contrary, he needs it. The review of Darwin on "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication" is very interesting, and it does (on page 448) justice to Mr. Herbert Spencer in regard to the existence of "free gemmules, or physiological units." But the article contains some things of an order which puzzles simple minds,—e.g., "The revelations of the microscope prove that size is merely comparative and depending upon our powers of vision." Did we really want either microscope or telescope to teach us that? What does the writer say to the "revelations" of a tree seen at a distance of fifty yards, and then of five yards? In the article on "The Spanish Gypsy" we have one more voice added to the general consensus of testimony that George Eliot has not produced a poem. The article is noticeable for always speaking of the author in the masculine gender, and also for its extreme delicacy in uttering the *no* which is evidently felt by the critic, from the very beginning of his article, to be inevitable. We are glad to be able to quote the following:—"Fedalma is made to abandon the affection that should be her very life, not from filial loyalty, not from conscious incongruity of feeling, but from a narrow Hebraistic sense of patriotism to the nomad people from whom she had been severed by education and every habit of existence." Among the lighter contents of this number of the *Edinburgh* the paper on "Hindoo Fairy Legends," an able review of Mr. M. Frere's "Old Deccan Days," must be specially mentioned. Several of the legends are shown to be very nearly identical with well-known German tales, not the least interesting is the following:—

"In the 'Valiant Chattee-Maker' we have a story clearly of the same parentage with the 'Valiant Little Tailor' in Grimm's 'Kinder-und Haus-Märchen'; but the Hindoo tale seems decidedly the cleverer of the two. In both mere accident tends to the exaltation of the hero; but in the German story, the tailor merely strikes down seven flies with a cloth, and exulting at his feat, resolves to go forth into the world with the words 'Seven at one blow' written on his belt, and the awful inscription imposes on every one whom he comes across. He is in short a mere boaster; but the Deccan chattee-maker really does wonders, although he had no thought of doing them, and remains as meek and humble as he was before. Somewhat flustered with toddy, he sees by a flash of lightning a beast crouching under the wall of a hut for shelter from the rain, and mistakes it for his donkey, which had strayed. It is a tiger; but the brute has been already frightened by noises within the hut, caused by the constant moving of furniture from one place to another, and the loud complaints of a woman who exclaims against the 'perpetual dripping,' which must end by bringing the roof down. Assailed with furious blows by the angry chattee-maker, the tiger thinks that he must be in the grips of the 'perpetual dripping,' and makes no resistance while his rider with vehement kicks and cuffs forces him home, where he ties his head and feet firmly to a post, and then goes to bed."

"Next morning, when the chattee-maker's wife got up and looked out of window, what should she see but a great big tiger tied up in front of their house to the post to which they usually fastened their donkey; she was very much surprised, and running to her husband, awoke him, saying, 'Do you know what animal you fetched home last night?' "Yes, the donkey, to be sure," he answered. "Come and see," said she; and she showed him the great tiger fastened to the post. The chattee-maker at this was no less astonished than his wife, and felt himself all over to find if the tiger had not wounded him; but no, there he was, safe and sound, and there was the tiger tied to the post just as he had fastened it up the night before."

"The news soon found its way to the palace, and the rajah, with all his court, came to see the tiger and his captor. The beast was recognised as one which had long been the terror of all the country round, and the chattee-maker was made the commander of ten

thousand horse. Just at this time came tidings that an overwhelming enemy was about to cross the borders, and not a general could be found to face them. 'Why not make the chattee-maker commander-in-chief?' they suggested. The appointment was made, but the chattee-maker begged leave first to go alone and reconnoitre. He thus at the least gained breathing-time, for, as he confessed to his wife, the office of commander-in-chief was by no means an easy one for a man who had never been on a horse in his life. But while he was thinking of mounting a particularly quiet pony, a magnificent charger, sent from the rajah, galloped up and stood at his door. There was no help for it but to have himself tied on, after he had at length succeeded in mounting. 'Wife, wife, you forgot to tie my hands,' cried the chattee-maker, as the horse, puzzled to know what he had on his back, began kicking and plunging, and then set off across the country. 'Never mind,' was the reply; 'hold on by the mane;' and away went the chattee-maker on a ride as memorable as that of John Gilpin. Right towards the enemy's camp flew the horse, and the rider liked the prospect as little as Gilpin liked the idea of a leap over a turnpike-gate. In his desperation he seized a young banyan-tree as he passed, hoping that the ropes might break, and thus he might come to the ground. But the tree gave way instead of the ropes, and, trunk in hand, away he went, striking into the enemy, who now saw him coming, a terror not less than that with which Polyphemus filled the comrades of Odysseus. They could fight, they said, against men like themselves, but not against giants who tore up trees as they rode. At once they fly, leaving everything behind them; and when the tired horse at length reaches the camp and stands still, the ropes break and his rider falls to the ground. The chattee-maker finds in the king's tent a letter of abject submission, and with this prize he returns home, leading the horse which he dares not remount. On reaching home he bids his wife send the horse and the letter to the rajah. 'He will see by the horse looking so tired what a long ride I've had; and if he is sent on beforehand, I shall not be obliged to ride him up to the palace door to-morrow morning, as I otherwise should, and that would be very tiresome, for most likely I should tumble off.' Still higher dignities and more abundant wealth were of course bestowed on a man who showed himself as modest as he was brave."

In the *Quarterly* there are nine articles—the subjects, roughly stated, being Railways, Deer and Deer Forests, Dr. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," the Pre-historic Man (especially in Europe), the great Greek Epic, Mr. Matthew Arnold on "Middle Class Education," Yorkshire, and the Political Situation. Of these papers the one on Yorkshire and the one on Education are the most generally interesting. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to carry the Homeric question much farther than it has already gone, because, though an able critic, like the writer in the *Quarterly*, may formulate something which looks new, the half-formed thoughts of readers, who have at all considered the subject, outstrip formal criticism. Mr. Arnold incurs deserved rebuke for his apparently capricious preference of what is foreign, but upon the question of surveillance, suggested by the following sentences, opinions will differ:—

"When we visited the École Normale we saw the pupils in the playground, some swinging, some playing leapfrog or prisoner's base, with a fair sprinkling of *maitres d'études* watching them from the windows. This surveillance is continued at night. It is true that the beds in the dormitories are screened by partitions, but at the end sleeps the *maitre d'étude*, with a window which rakes them all; and our *cicérone* told us that it was his duty to come out whenever they made a noise, which was not seldom. Does Mr. Arnold really prefer this to the freedom and manliness of our college life? The intelligent young man who showed us round stared in surprise at what we told him of our English liberty, he exclaimed, 'Voilà le self-government appliqué à l'éducation.' In this matter we certainly prefer anarchy to authority."

In the political article we find one suggestive passage:—

"Better far to trust to Mr. Bright than to Mr. Gladstone, for the one knows by experience what mischief fire can do, while the other is flinging about lighted brands without regard to where they fall."

The note on the last page of the number is too instructive to be omitted:—

"In our article on the 'Irish Church,' we quoted a paragraph from the *Tablet*, which seemed to advocate the confiscation of lay property in Ireland. The paragraph in question was taken from a pamphlet giving this quotation from the *Tablet*; but, upon referring to the *Tablet* itself, we find that we have done an unintentional injustice to the paper, and that, so far from advocating the confiscation of the lay property of Protestant landlords, the *Tablet* deprecated any attempt by the Catholics of Ireland to deprive the Protestants of even their Church property by the aid of the English Dissenters."

Moral—never quote from quotations. We once saw a review of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," in which "Mr. Lamb" was treated as a new and young writer, and the reader was counselled not to trust to his readings of Shakespeare, but to "go to the fountain-head." It is, in general, wise to go to the fountain-head!

The *North British* has already been noticed once or twice this quarter in the *LONDON REVIEW*. We may here add that it contains, among other matters, a singularly moderate and respectful article on Comtism.

It is nothing remarkable that literary organs should be unlike each other, but it seems odd at first sight that scientific magazines should so seldom cross each other's paths. Here we have the *Popular Science Review* and the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, both full of interesting matter, yet with scarcely a topic in common. Chemists have long been complaining of the confusion in the terminology of their pursuit, and the following from the *Quarterly Journal of Science* is not bad:—

"We may appropriately conclude our 'Chronicles of Chemistry' by quoting the following very apposite remarks made by M. Dumas, the secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and one of the leading French chemists:—If every one of us took the fancy of combining with his name that of his great-grandfather, of his grandfather, of his father, and his mother, a singular complication would be found in our registers of births. A lifetime would be passed in learning the names of the persons with whom we were acquainted in our own neighbourhood. As to knowing the names of the inhabitants of a town, that would be an utter impossibility. This is, however, what our savants who pursue organic chemistry have to accomplish, so that their language has now arrived at a point of barbarism that cannot be surpassed. Now, would it not be desirable, in all points of view, to adopt a generic word, and to group around such word the names of species in proportion as science extends her conquests? I am particularly interested in organic chemistry, but I declare that time is entirely wanting to me to peruse, while comprehending them, the various memoirs on the science which come under my notice. The complication and insupportable length of the names employed are the sole causes of this."

An able paper on the "Post Tertiary Beds of Norway and Scotland," by the Rev. H. W. Crosskey, of Glasgow, is thus summed-up:—"1. The course of physical changes, from the glacial epoch to the present day, was the same in its broad outlines in Norway and Scotland. 2. These changes were gradual and have left their evidence in the shell-beds as well as in physical phenomena. 3. It is necessary, therefore, to separate and classify these various shell-beds, and not include them under the general names of 'Drift' and 'Raised Beach.' 4. A general order of succession and variation in the glacial deposits characteristically prevails both in Scottish and Norwegian localities, and embraces the phenomena of an epoch, rather than the merely subordinate accidents of local circumstance."

In the *Popular Science Review* we find the following:—

"The Whitebait a Herring.—In a paper before the Zoological Society, Dr. Günther, in dealing with the clupeoids of the British coasts, gave it as his opinion that the whitebait is really a young herring. We are glad to learn the belief of one of the most eminent of European ichthyologists, and the more so as it confirms the opinion expressed in an article in one of our earlier volumes, in which the writer expressed his conviction that the anatomical affinities of the herring and whitebait were so close as to justify their being grouped into one species."

SHORT NOTICES.

Historical Selections, a Series of Readings from the best Authorities on English and European History. Selected and arranged by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. (Macmillan.)

The compilation of this volume was suggested by a difficulty which must have frequently occurred to teachers, public and domestic. After children have been taught the outlines of history from abridgments and catechisms, say the authors of this work, there remains for them no continuous and interesting treatise on English history. "Two courses are open: either to take a general and consequently dry history of facts, such as Russell's 'Modern Europe,' or to choose some work treating of a particular period or subject, such as Lord Macaulay's and Mr. Froude's Histories, and Dean Milman's Latin 'Christianity.'" The former course is uninteresting, the latter not sufficiently comprehensive. These selections, therefore, are supposed to supply this obvious want. The plan of the book is the choice of certain important topics illustrative of the corresponding sections of English history. These quotations are made impartially from the best authorities, and comprise narratives of such events as the Battle of Hastings, the Death of William the Conqueror, the Crusades, the Reign of Stephen, and so forth. The selections are very fairly made, but the result is not history. The absence of connecting and explanatory links not only deprives the book of the proper sequence of history, but demands a previous intimacy with the matters treated of for the proper understanding of these isolated extracts. Then the book itself only refers to a brief section of English history. The sketch of "England before the Conquest," quoted from Mr. Freeman's history, is merely a summary, and the historical interest of the volume begins with the Conquest and ends as the volume ends, in the middle of the twelfth century. Whatever one may think of the plan of the book, however, there can be no question as to the intrinsic interest of its pages. There are few non-professional students of history who are so well acquainted with all the authors here quoted,

as to be unable to find in these "Historical Selections" attractive and interesting extracts. As a book for the amusement and instruction of grown-up children, it is excellent; and the names of the compilers are a guarantee that the work is "safe."

A Comparative Grammar of the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese Languages. By Edwin A. Notley. (Trübner.)

The plan of this grammar is excellent. Upon the same page a grammatical rule is traced through the four languages mentioned in the title; and in this tabulated form the student may readily cause his learning one language to help him on insensibly towards acquiring its most nearly related neighbour. The student, however, who would master any one of these languages from this book must be prepared with a thorough acquaintance with grammar, a knowledge of the structure of languages, and, above all, with a very resolute perseverance. He does not get easily helped along by the imitative or child-like method of learning a foreign tongue, which is now made the basis of so many grammars. Indeed, the book is likely to be of most advantage to those who have picked up some of the languages in travelling, and are desirous of correcting and systematizing their knowledge by becoming acquainted with grammatical rules. For such a purpose, Mr. Notley's volume will be found useful.

Vox Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ. By George G. Perry, M.A. (Rivingtons.)

Just at this time there are not a few who would be glad to recognise the true voice of the English Church, there having been lately so many uncertain and bewildering sounds, all pretending to proceed from orthodox and authoritative mouthpieces. The Church, its Ministry and Sacraments, are subjects which have each been discussed with warmth—not to say bitter animosity—between contending parties, to the no small astonishment of those outside the pale of the Establishment. Mr. Perry, in the present useful volume, has carefully selected passages from the writings of the chief divines of the Church of England on those questions which have been fruitful of discussion, such as the priestly office, episcopacy, the Sacraments, &c., preferring rather to appeal to what has been said by the old divines than to add anything original to the disputations. Besides, as he writes, "The great divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have a character which will not be found in modern English theological writings, however learned and valuable. They are distinguished by a profound solidity, by a calm, comprehensive, and philosophical grasp of their subject; by a fair and patient treatment of opposing views; by a wonderful familiarity with the best writers of Christian antiquity, and by a vast and varied acquaintance with other writers, the very names of some of which are now scarcely known." Judging from the character of the majority of the contributions to modern theological jangling, we are quite ready to indorse this flattering estimate. Several archbishops, among whom appear Cranmer, Sandys, Bancroft, and Usher; many bishops, including Ridley, Pearson, Jeremy Taylor, Beveridge, and at least a dozen other distinguished divines, have been laid under contribution to make up this interesting work. The compiler has been careful to introduce each of his writers with a few notes of a biographical character, but had these been less meagre it would have added to the value of a pleasant and instructive book.

Adventures in the Great Hunting Grounds of the World.
By Victor Meunier. (Sampson Low.)

A collection of stories describing the hunting of big game must be interesting to boys. The present book comprises M. Paul du Chailla's gorilla anecdotes, Mr. Moffat's adventures with lions, and the Duke of Edinburgh's elephant-hunts. We miss Mr. Gordon Cumming's name from the list of mighty Nimrods. Surely the waltz with the hippopotamus ought to have been included.

We have also to acknowledge:—No. 9 of the *Journal of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute* (Hardwicke);—*Catechesis*, by Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L. (Rivingtons);—*A German Preparatory Course*, by Edward Schinzel, second part (Whittaker);—*Is there not a Cause?* by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, M.A. (Longmans);—*Direction in Prayer*, by Peter Grant, D.D. (Nimmo);—*Scripture Imagery*, by Peter Grant, D.D. (Nimmo);—*Sermons on the Lord's Prayer*, by the Rev. Thomas S. Millington (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.);—*The New Coventry Company* (Macintosh);—*Sermons Occasional and Parochial*, Parts X. and XI., by the Rev. John Keble, M.A. (Parker);—No. 1 of *He Knew He was Right*, by Anthony Trollope (Virtue & Co.);—*Thoughts on the Separation of Church and State*, by the late Rev. Edward Burton, D.D. (Parker);—*The Rightful Heir*, a drama in five acts, by the Author of "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," &c. (Murray);—No. 9, the *Englishwoman's Review* (Trübner);—*The Breaking Net*, a Sermon, by W. C. Magee, D.D. (Hodges, Smith, & Foster);—*Two or Three Weddings*, a tale (Bennett).

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adviser (The). Vol. for 1868. Imp. 16mo., 9d.
Andersen (W.), Reunion of Christian Friends in the Heavenly Kingdom. Feap., 1s.
Art (The) of Dressing Well. 32mo., 6d.
Bacon (Francis, Lord), Letters and Life of. By J. Spedding. Vols. III. and IV. 8vo., 24s.
Balfour (Mrs. C.), Ways and Means: A Story of Life's Struggles. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
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Bastow (J. A.), Bible Dictionary. 3rd edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
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MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.
Mr. Mapleson has the honour to announce his usual short Autumn season of Opera representations, commencing this evening, October 24, with the performance of Donizetti's celebrated Opera, *LUCREZIA BORGIA*. Gennaro, Signor Mongini; Il Duca Alfonso, Mr. Santley; Gubetta, Signor Foli; Rustighello, Signor Agretti; Astolfo, Signor Ciampi; Liverotto, Mr. Lyall; Vitellozzo, Signor Casaboni; Petrucci, Signor Zololi; Maffio Orsini, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, by Mdme. Titians. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

In the course of the evening the National Anthem.

Debut of Mdme. Minnie Hauck.—On Monday next, October 26, will be presented Bellini's Opera, *LA SONNAMBULA*. Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Mr. Santley; Alessio, Signor Zololi; Il Notaro, Signor Casaboni; Lisa, Mdme. Bauermeister; Teresa, Mdme. Cruise; and Amina, Mdme. Minnie Hauck (her first appearance).

Titians, Trebelli-Bettini; Mongini, Foli, Santley.—Tuesday next, October 27, *IL TROVATORE*.

Second appearance of Mdme. Minnie Hauck.—Thursday next, October 29, Donizetti's Opera, *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*. Edgardo, Signor Mongini; Enrico Aston, Mr. Santley; Raimondo, Signor Foli; Arturo, Signor Agretti; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alisa, Mdme. Bauermeister; and Lucia, Mdme. Minnie Hauck (her second appearance in England).

Saturday, October 31.—Meyerbeer's grand Opera, *LES HUGUENOTS*: Mdme. Titians, Mdme. Binico, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini; Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, Signor Tagliacico, Signor Foli. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Doors open at half-past 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—At 7, BORROWED PLUMES. After which, at a quarter to 8, *KING O' SCOTS*: Mr. Phelps; Messrs. Addison, Barrett, J. Irving, H. Sinclair, E. Price, J. Rouse, G. Cumming, W. M'Intyre, W. C. Temple; Mesdames Heath, Edith Stuart, Fanny Addison, and Mrs. F. Mathews. Grand Ballet Divertissement.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—A CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT: Messrs. Kendal, Compton, &c.; Mesdames Chippendale, Dalton, &c. After which, *LEAH*: Messrs. Howe, Rogers, Kendal, Braid, Clark, F. Buckstone, White, Weathersby, &c.; Mesdames Bateman, Francis, Wright, Maccoabe, Fitzwilliam, Laws, Coleman, &c. And a *PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS*: Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Howe, &c.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—At 7, TOM THRASHER: Messrs. G. Belmore, J. G. Taylor, and the Misses Harris. At a quarter to 8, *MONT CHRISTO*: Mr. Fechter, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. R. Phillips, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Ashley, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. W. H. Eburne, Mr. R. Romer; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and Mrs. Leigh Murray.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—At 7, A CHARMING PAIR. After which, at 8, *AFTER DARK*, a Tale of London Life: Mr. Vining, Mr. Walter Lacy, Mr. Dominick Murray; Messrs. C. Harcourt, J. G. Shore, Maclean, Holston; Miss Trissy Marston and Miss Rose Leclercq. Concluding with *MASTER JONES'S BIRTHDAY*.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—THE MARRIED RAKE. After which, at a quarter to 8, *THE RIGHTFUL HEIR*: Messrs. Bandmann, G. F. Neville, Lin Rayne, Basil Potter, Frank Lawlor; Miss Milly Palmer and Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Concluding with the Grand Ballet.

THEATRE ROYAL, OLYMPIC.—At 7, TO OBLIGE BENSON: Messrs. Atkins, Vaughan, and H. Wigan; Miss Lennox Grey, and Miss Furtado. After which, at 8, *THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE-MAN*: Messrs. H. Neville, G. Vincent, H. Cooper, E. Atkins, R. Soutar, H. Vaughan, and H. Wigan; Miss Furtado, Miss Lennox Grey, Miss E. Farren, and Mrs. Caulfield.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—At 7.30, SISTERLY SERVICE: Mr. Belford, and Miss Longmore. *THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD*: Messrs. Thorne, James, Fenton; Mesdames Claire, Goodall, L. Maitland, Longmore, and Hughes. *MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE*.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—ATCHI: Messrs. Blakeley and Montgomery; Misses Addison and A. Wilton. After which, *SOCIETY*: Messrs. J. Clarke, Hare, H. J. Montague, Blakeley, Montgomery, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White and Miss Carlotta Addison.

THE NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE ROYAL, Long Acre.—At 7, THE TROUBADOUR: Mr. L. Brough and Miss Montague. And *THE LANCASHIRE LASS*: Messrs. H. Irving, L. Brough, Stephens, Wyndham, Terrot, Clayton, and S. Emery; Mesdames Hodson, Montague, and Nelly Moore.

THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.—At 7, BLOW FOR BLOW: Messrs. Honey, Cowper, Haynes, Arthur, Westland, and Parselle; Mesdames Foote, Weathersby, and Rignold. At half past 9, *LUCRETIA BORGIA*, M.D., *LA GRANDE DOCTRESSE*. By Henry J. Byron, in which Miss Fanny Josephs will make her first appearance this season as Gennaro; Lucretia, Mr. G. Honey. Splendid new scenery by Mr. J. Hicks. Beautiful dresses and appointments.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—At 7.30, MARRIED DAUGHTERS. After which, *THE RISE AND FALL OF RICHARD III.*; or, a New Front to an Old Dicky: Mr. Dewar, Mr. Danvers; Misses Collinson, Charlotte Saunders, Bromley, and M. Oliver. To conclude with *THE MISTRESS OF THE MILL*.

ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.—BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER. At 7.45, *LAND RATS AND WATER RATS*: Dick Mavis, Mr. Creswick; Jones, Mr. Voltaire; Ravelstone, Mr. E. P. Edgar; Frank, Mr. W. Crosby; Padilla, Mr. Norman; Redmond, Mr. Hamilton; Kidney Jack, Mr. Mat Robson; Betty, Miss Pauncefort; Rosa, Miss E. Webster; Flitt, Miss E. Lenard. With *MILES'S BOY*: Mr. Robson and Mrs. Walton.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Sole Manageress, Miss Hazlewood.—The romantic drama *THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST*: Cynthia, Miss Hazlewood. Concluding with the great sensational drama *LONDON BY GASLIGHT* (50th night of its representation).

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ROYAL ALFRED THEATRE, New Church-street, Edgware-road.—At 7, PINDEE SINGH: Miss Amy Sedgwick, supported by Mr. Neil Warner and a powerful company. To conclude with *THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS*.

NEW NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Shoreditch.—At 7, Mrs. MACREADY, the great American actress, as *MADGE WILDFIRE*. Mesdames Page and Sarah Thorne, supported by a powerful company.

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THE STANDARD is one of the oldest and most extensive institutions in the United Kingdom for the assurance of lives. It was established in 1825, and its progress has been most successful. Its accumulated funds, invested chiefly in mortgages on the security of land, now amount to four millions sterling, and its income exceeds £700,000 per annum.

FURTHER INFORMATION can be obtained by application to the Secretaries of the Company in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, or at any of the agencies which have been established in every town of importance throughout the kingdom.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN ASSURANCES granted on the lives of persons proceeding abroad. Branch offices and agencies in India and all the British colonies, where premiums can be received and claims settled.

LONDON: 82, King William-street, E.C.; and 3, Pall Mall east, S.W.

EDINBURGH: 3 and 5, George-street (Head Office).

DUBLIN: 66, Upper Sackville-street.

EUROPEAN ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament,

For Life Assurance, Annuities, and Guarantee of Fidelity in Situations of Trust.

CHAIRMAN—General Sir FREDERIC SMITH, K.H., F.R.S.

Policies Payable During Life—Indisputable—Not Liable to Forfeiture.

The Royal Naval, Military, and East India Life Department, affording peculiar advantages to Officers and others in the Navy and Army, and is under the especial Patronage of

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The EUROPEAN Society is specially authorized by the Imperial Parliament to Guarantee the Fidelity of Government Officials.

New Premium Income in 1859, 1860, 1861	£101,000
" " 1862, 1863, 1864	£123,000
" " 1865, 1866, 1867	£180,745

Annual Income exceeds Three Hundred and Forty Thousand Pounds.

THE RETURN OF EACH WEEK'S NEW BUSINESS may be obtained at the OFFICES, or of any of the AGENTS.

The Annuity Tables offering special advantages to Annuitants, and full particulars of the popular Principles of this Society, will be found in the New Prospectus, which will be forwarded to applicants *Post Free*.

HENRY LAKE, General Manager.

318, REGENT STREET; and 17, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, LONDON.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE MUTUAL INSURANCE OFFICE,

1, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The OLDEST Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The WHOLE of the PROFITS divided yearly amongst the Members.

Returns for 1868.

Fire Department.—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

Life Department.—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above 5 years' standing.

Accumulated Capital (25th Dec., 1867), £1,191,968.

The Directors are willing to appoint as Agents persons of good position and character.

WHITTINGTON LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

CHIEF OFFICE: 37, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE: 59, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

MODERATE RATES of Premiums—especially for young lives.

BONUSES have been declared in 1860, 1863, and 1866.

POLICIES made payable during lifetime.

INVALID AND SECOND-CLASS LIVES insured on a new principle.

ALFRED T. BOWSER, Manager.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

INSTITUTED 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most Liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole World Licences, *free of charge*, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full particulars and tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1, Old Broad-street, E.C., and 16, Pall Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1, OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17, PALL MALL, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital £1,600,000. Losses paid £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances Granted on every description of Property, at home and abroad, at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.